NOVEMBER 7, 1942

AMERICA

ALSACE AND LORRAINE SEETHE UNDER HITLER'S BRUTAL RULE

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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WHO'S WHO

HEINZ SOFFNER's picture of Alsace and Lorraine smoldering with resentment against Nazi domination is a moving denial of the Hitler claims of happy collaboration by these long-disputed Provinces. Mr. Soffner, a native of Vienna, left his home after the Austrian Occupation and went to Paris, where he served with the League of Nations refugee committee and other humanitarian organizations until the fall of France. He is now writing and lecturing on international affairs in this country. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY tells the amusing story of how Georgetown, Kentucky, is meeting the man-power problem, and adds a few suggestions of his own on how to get men out of juke-joints and bureaus and keep mothers out of factories. . . . JOHN LAFARGE continues the story of his peregrinations in the Middle West. In this instalment he reports on a laboratory for training future leaders in genuine Christian rural life, conducted by the Reverend John C. Rawe, S.J., at Elkhorn, Nebraska. . . . JOHN CARSON writes the concluding chapter in the story of a tax subsidy. . . . WILLIAM J. GRACE, associate professor of English at Fordham University School of Education, contributes another of his enlightening essays on aspects of Shakespearean drama. This one makes a capital point in the criticism of *King Lear*.

NEXT WEEK, we will feature AMERICA's annual survey of CHILDREN'S BOOKS. With the aid of expert critics in juvenile literature, we will give you the best in the field as an aid to your Christmas buying, and to the children's reading for the year.

THIS WEEK

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. *Executive Editor*: JOHN LAFARGE.
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COMMENT

SPEAKING frankly, soberly, earnestly, Wendell Willkie told last week, to an estimated radio audience of 32,000,000 fellow citizens, the story of his amazing travels. Throughout the course of his 31,000-mile journey, which took him, in an Army bomber, to Brazil, Africa, the Middle East, Russia and China, he found "that there exists in the world today a gigantic reservoir of good will toward you, the American people." This he termed, "the biggest political fact of our time," a fact that "must be used to unify the peoples of the earth in the human quest for freedom and justice." He found, also, that this reservoir "is leaking at a thousand points," four of which he singled out: the failure to keep our promises of material assistance to the nations resisting aggression; the failure to define clearly our war aims; the "half-patronizing way" in which we have grown accustomed to treat many of the peoples in Eastern Europe and Asia; and the "atrophy of intelligence" which is produced by stupid, arbitrary or undemocratic censorship. The Western world, he concluded, is on trial, and people everywhere are eagerly waiting to see whether we shall accept the challenge "to help create a new society in which men and women the globe around can live and grow invigorated by freedom."

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IMPORTANT for their phenomenal stage and audience, were Mr. Willkie's pronouncements themselves of corresponding significance? Under the cold light of analysis, his rhetorical claims to convey the mind of all the peoples of Asia will be subject to considerable deflation. What would India's Untouchables have to say, if he were to question them? To the good of these claims may be said that Mr. Willkie correctly interprets ideas which are being made more and more articulate by large groups of persons in the Asiatic countries, and in Africa as well, who have had some contact with European thought or education. The belief that their respective peoples must look forward to a definite date for their political maturity is being widely expressed, precisely as Mr. Willkie puts it. These ideas must be reckoned with, the moment the Atlantic Charter comes up for serious consideration. It is well that Mr. Willkie calls this to our attention, and that he stresses the need for considering now, and not in the uncertain future, the lines of our war aims and the structure of the post-war world society. His condemnation of censorship leaves us in the dark as to what kind of censorship Mr. Willkie really would recommend, did he have his own way. What would ensure the needed restrictions, yet preserve us against what is stupid and undemocratic? Mr. Willkie starts some thinking; he also starts some puzzled speculation. Possibly that is what he intended to do.

DRAFTING of teen-age boys throws a shadow over the education of the coming generation, and worried statesmen and educators are looking for a way out of the problem. In meeting this difficulty, they might find it helpful to study what the English have done with their Joint University Recruiting Board. All the youth of the assigned ages register for military service, and the best fitted, after proper tests have been given, are sent on to collegiate studies. The need for some such plan is evident, if we are to have the trained leadership that the country needs in later years. Its workability has one manifest argument, in that poor scholarship would at once return the student to the camp, while on the other hand the intellectual stimulus provided in this opportunity would make colleges a pleasure for the deans and a profit for the young folk. The armed services, too, would gain in having an excellent reserve for future officers. The plan deserves serious study.

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TWO years ago for us, two ages ago for them, the Greeks rose mightly against Axis invasion. They set the legions of the Duce back on their heels, and only when the Nazi machine rolled overwhelmingly upon them were they forced to yield. In fact, they have not fully yielded yet; guerilla war goes on in the hills, Greek warriors are fighting in Egypt, in the air and on the sea. But most of the nation yielded as brave men do, and yet they have not been treated like brave foes. They have been subjected to mass punishment in the form of starvation. Reports from that tragic land show that losses from famine far outrun those in all the military campaigns. Nine out of ten children are wasting away from malnutrition; the death-rate in three large cities is five or six times above normal. A whole generation is simply being starved to extinction. It is a grim picture, and ought to stir us to do our best for the Greek Relief Fund. When food from one of the relief ships was distributed recently, the poor human skeletons made the sign of the Cross, before stretching their emaciated hands to take it. We, as Catholics, who know the majesty and generosity of the Cross, ought to sacrifice something ourselves for Christians who are bravely bearing a fearsome cross.

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SINCE nation-wide freezing of workers in their jobs is a dangerous departure from democratic ideals, it is reasonable to agree with William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, when he says that proposals to regiment workers are "premature." The masterful report of the Tolan Committee on the manpower problem supports Mr. Green's contention that voluntary means of break-

ing this bottleneck have not yet been exhausted. It is necessary, however, to dissent strongly from the opinion, expressed by the A. F. of L. President among others, that the primary solution lies in making greater use of women in industry. According to Justice S. S. Jackson of New York City's Children's Court, the ten-per-cent rise in delinquency among that city's adolescent girls is largely attributable to the "broken home and the disruption of normal parental relationships." He charged that many young girls were left to shift for themselves because their mothers had taken jobs formerly filled by men. While it may be necessary before the war is over to send thousands of mothers into factories, this extreme solution should be adopted only as a last resort. Among other measures which ought to be tried first, the full use of able-bodied colored workers is paramount. But the A.F. of L., judged by past actions, as well as by its recent rejection at the Toronto Convention of a motion to create a committee to fight "Jim Crowism," is not very enthusiastic about putting an end to racial discrimination in its ranks. By such stupidity is labor hastening the advent of the very regimentation it fears.

REVIEWING the first eleven months of the war in a radio talk on Navy Day, Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, asserted that despite "hesitancy, inefficiency, timidity, bungling, confusion, waste and all the other things the faultfinders say," this has been so far "America's best run war." Recalling Lincoln's difficulties during the Civil War, the incompetence and bungling during the Spanish War, the confusion and profiteering during World War I, we are inclined to agree with Secretary Knox. And in none of these wars were we confronted with the enormous and complex tasks that face us today. Many mistakes have been made since Pearl Harbor, as the Secretary admitted, and it is safe to predict that other blunders will complicate the bitter task that lies ahead of us. But it will not help the nation's morale to look only at our failures. During the past eleven months, very much has been accomplished, more than most of us know; and we are only now getting into full stride. Criticism of public officials is the very lifeblood of a democracy. There ought to be more, rather than less, of it. But let us not forget, as we finger the whiplash, that an honest pat on the back is a democratic gesture, too.

IN his latest announcement, E. Haldeman-Julius boasts that over 200,000,000 of his "Little Blue Books" have been sold in twenty years. Through these books, Haldeman-Julius has propagated pornography, atheism, blasphemy and a virulent anti-Catholicism. Recently, Haldeman-Julius issued a letter which seemed to indicate that, for patriotic reasons, he would relinquish something of his anti-God and anti-Catholic propaganda. His latest announcements would indicate that the mind and purpose of Haldeman-Julius are unchanged. Many condemnations of Haldeman-Julius have been drawn up and published. The strongest of all condemnations has been written by himself in the June number of his *American Freeman*. Before submitting his credo, it must be explained that by the Blackintern he means the Catholic Church. He writes:

> The Blackintern is right in putting me down as one of its enemies. I am anti-clerical, have always been, and hope to be strong enough to remain that way until I go to my eternal reward. One of the tests of a man's intellectual integrity is how acceptable he is to the obscurantists. If he's the least bit acceptable, he isn't a true guide to those who would absorb free culture. If he's poison to their rotten minds, he looks pretty good to me, and if he knows how to expose their lies, forgeries, dishonesty, pretentiousness, cruelty, meanness, narrowness, and stupidity (along the lines of a Voltaire, a Paine, an Ingersoll, or a Joseph McCabe) then I say there goes a real soldier in the liberation war of mankind. Damn the infamous outfit! I hate and loathe the sight, smell and sound of the scummy, cancerous *Gauleiters* of supernaturalism, obscurantism and social reaction. I can debate and disagree with many intellectual opponents and still feel cordial and friendly, but when I come into contact with the Blackintern I don't feel anything short of hatred. The thing is a disgusting, loathesome disease that has caused mankind endless suffering. The cancer must be cut out of the social body if it's to become a healthy, strong thing. Catholicism is an intellectual cancer. All decent lovers of truth, fairness, justice and freedom must fight this scourge. The human mind will never be completely unshackled until it has first rid itself of this puss-saturated sore. The struggle of Voltaire and the other mind-liberators must be continued until the infamous thing has been crushed.

This is vile language. This is treacherous language in this time of our war crisis. For far less, the Attorney General and the Postmaster General have imposed severe penalties. Haldeman-Julius is an enemy to American unity and morale in this time of war.

LAST words of dying men should be treated with respect. When the man is to die a hero's death, and when those last words are written to a little son and give him tender and strong fatherly advice, they should be treated with reverence. Commander John J. Shea went down with the aircraft-carrier *Wasp* in the battle of the Solomons. Just before he gave his life for what he believed to be the principles of democracy, he wrote a letter to his son, Jackie, age five. It is a beautiful and heart-warming letter, but somewhere along the line, whether by the Associated Press or by the papers which ran the AP story, a phrase has been omitted. In the account of the letter as sent by the International News Service, the phrase is there. No reason has been given why it was dropped. Commander Shea died for democracy; son Jackie, with the memory of such a father, will undoubtedly live up to him. Can the Associated Press, United Press or the papers that take their services have thought that it would have been indelicate or embarrassing to leave in that phrase, for readers in a democratic country? Such suppression, even of a small phrase, denies the very things Commander Shea died to uphold. The phrase? Just this: "Be a good Catholic and you can't help being a good American."

ANCIENT Sparta is, to educated men, a symbol of laconic, stoical militarism; while ancient Athens is almost a synonymn for idealism, art, culture and intellectual endeavor. Our present conflict has striking resemblances to the war between those ancient states, for it is a battle of spiritual vision against rigid militarism. This is the apt analogy developed by Rev. Gustave A. Weigel, S.J., Dean of the School of Theology at the Catholic University of Chile, speaking at Santiago on October 19. The occasion was a Mass for the British war dead in the English Catholic Church at Santiago. Those dead, said Father Weigel, have joined the great hosts who died for an ideal, and their death is to us an inspiration and a challenge.

> To the immortal dead I say in the name of all here present, we believe with all our hearts in freedom, in reason, in justice, in the universal fellowship of the human race. For these things Christ came upon this earth, and true to His teaching and example we shall live and teach others to live. If with Him and with our slaughtered brothers we too must die, we are ready to go down into the valley of death, consoled by the company of Our Lord.

Father Weigel is a graduate of Gregorian and Fordham Universities.

FROM Archbishop Beckman, by short-wave, went a Mission-Sunday message of consolation and sympathy to wounded Holland. Speaking by invitation of the Netherlands Government-in-Exile, the Archbishop recalled Holland's former missionary zeal and declared that its "sturdy mission spirit" would stand firm in these "dark days." Exhorting his hearers to unfaltering loyalty, the Archbishop said:

> Follow your brave Bishops, your courageous priests in whom the mission and martyr spirit blazes as an unquenchable beacon in the black pagan night. . . . Cleave to the Cross, to your Holy Religion, your Pope, your Bishops and your priests.

Meanwhile, from other sources, comes news of Holland's resistance. A non-Catholic, who escaped from Holland, when asked who the national leaders now were, declared that all possible political leaders are imprisoned, "but if I have to name some, I would say the Netherlands Episcopate, and they are doing a grand job." *International Correspondence* reports that the invaders fear to imprison bishops. A rumor went abroad that Bishop Lemmens of Roermond had been jailed, and immediately all miners in the district refused to work.

ANOTHER distinguished victim of the Nazi concentration camps is Rev. Marian Morawski, S.J., Professor at the Catholic University of Lublin and the University of Cracow. News of his death, transmitted by N.C.W.C. News Service, came from Berne. He was imprisoned in the notorious camp at Oswiecim where, in addition to the usual beatings and lack of food, priests are subjected to a special torture. Bare-footed, they are required to push heavy iron rollers over the flinty ground of the camp. Gangrene attacked Father Morawski's torn feet and he died in agony, displaying great fortitude. For the solace of his companions, he recalled Christ's Passion, and exhorted them to take strength from the recollection. Reports received at Berne place the mortality rate in Oswiecim at fifty-four per cent during the last year.

HISTORIANS of our time will immortalize that dauntless prelate, Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich and champion of freedom. This year the Cardinal celebrates the golden jubilee of his ordination, the silver jubilee of his consecration as a Bishop. Meeting at Munich, recently, the clergy paid their great leader a sincere tribute.

MOTHERHOOD is a most practical kind of patriotism, declared Archbishop Stritch of Chicago to the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women. The National Council of Catholic Women has proved its patriotism by standing squarely for the right notion of Christian family life and by giving brave sons to their country. The Archbishop gave the Catholic Women two problems to solve. Since the younger men are to be drafted and need more care than older men, zealous Catholic women will have to redouble their efforts in the cause of "Out-of-camp recreational centers." Again, the influx of women into industry will leave a children's problem in densely populated industrial districts. The intelligent supervision of those children will fall to the lot of Catholic women.

SPLENDIDLY democratic in its structure and government, the Rockhurst Labor School, a division of the Institute for Social Reconstruction of Rockhurst College, is a monument to intelligent treatment of social problems. Beginning its fourth year, the School has a faculty, clerical and lay, of distinguished teachers, and an enrolment of 264 men and women, representing ninety-seven Locals in Greater Kansas City. A.F. of L., C.I.O., Independent and Railroad Brotherhood, are included in this group, which comprises sixteen religious denominations and is fifty-five per cent non-Catholic. Only by the multiplication of such schools can we secure the wide and intelligent appreciation of social problems which will be such a valuable asset to our nation, immediately, and especially after the war.

GEORGETOWN University, at its Fall Convocation, October 17, honored Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt, and conferred on him a Doctorate in Military Science. The citation hailed Admiral Leahy for his long service to the Navy, his ambassadorial background, his leadership in the present crisis. In reply, the Admiral recalled the enslaved nations he has beheld in Europe, and affirmed that America must never be reduced to such a condition.

POPE PIUS XII, at the beginning of October, raised the Catholic University of Peru to the status of Pontifical University by special decree. Founded twenty-five years ago, with eight students, the University has today an enrollment of 2,320. To Very Rev. Jorge Dintilhac, C.S.C., Rector and Founder of the University, the Holy See gave the *Benemerenti* Medal.

THE NATION AT WAR

IN the Solomon Islands, Japan has strongly reinforced its forces on land, in the air and on the sea. She is making a determined effort to recapture from us Guadalcanal, where our Marines established an American base and air field on August 7 last. American reinforcements have also arrived and, as this is written, a severe battle is in progress, with the outcome in doubt.

We now know that our own naval losses in that distant region have been greater than had at first been supposed. In August we lost three large cruisers, and in September an aircraft-carrier, which were not announced at the time. Other losses have occurred since. The enemy, too, has had his losses. But we have not driven him away; have not been able to prevent his landing artillery, tanks and guns on Guadalcanal itself, but a few miles from our own posts. A bright spot in this campaign is the report that our air forces have out-fought those of the Japanese by a substantial margin, as measured by the number of planes downed.

In Russia the Germans are slowly reducing that part of devastated Stalingrad yet in Russian hands. Resistance is stiff, and the Germans are making but small gains at a time. In the Caucasus two Axis columns are advancing on Tuapse, one of the few ports on the Black Sea still in the hands of the Russian Army.

The Axis is proceeding with its New Order program for the political and economic reorganization of the occupied territories. It is not waiting until the end of the war. According to a speech heard over the radio on October 23, Dr. Hans Frank, introduced as the Governor of Poland, stated that Poland had been annexed to Germany, and that there was no intention of re-establishing it as an independent country. Under German guidance, the Poles will occupy their country, and work on farms and in certain industries, as part of a planned economy. Another development is news from a neutral state, that the oil refineries in France and Belgium have been dismantled, and shipped by rail to the Caucasus, where they are being set up to replace the plants destroyed by the Russians. This indicates the intention of the Axis to hold permanently at least part of Caucasia. Other extensive developments are going on in the Ukraine, where plants from the areas subject to bombing in western Europe are being re-erected. The common idea that the industrial production of the United Nations is on the increase, and that that of the Axis is on the decline, is far from proved. There are no reliable figures as to total Axis production to enable us to compare it accurately with ours.

In Egypt, the British on October 24 launched a major attack against the Axis forces under Marshal Rommel. The Axis line is strongly fortified, and it takes several days to break through such a defensive position, even under favorable circumstances. It will be necessary to wait a few days to determine what luck our Allies have had, in this their latest attempt to clear north Africa of hostile forces.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

BY the time this report is in print, the country will have known the results of the Congressional elections. Meantime, it may be worth the while to meditate on the melancholy fate of Congress in a time of war. As our chief legislative body, Congress has the job of passing the laws which make our war effort possible. This it has done; slowly sometimes, as becomes a deliberative assembly, but in the end it has done the job. In doing so, it has fulfilled its constitutional function. It has no responsibility, as has the House of Commons in London, for the execution of the laws.

Now, on the eve of election, it finds itself about to be judged, not on the quality of the laws it passed, but on the way the laws were carried out in practice. It was even felt that victory or defeat at Guadalcanal would settle the fate of many Congressmen one way or another. Don Nelson, General Hershey and Leon Henderson, what they did and how they did it, have become the reason for reelecting or rejecting a Senator or a Representative, who merely voted for the laws which made those gentlemen possible. To the average Congressman that does not seem fair.

In fact, it is difficult to describe the feeling of helplessness which has possessed the average Congressman these last few weeks. He knew that if he stayed in Washington, his opponent at home would have a free fling. But he also knew that if he went home to fight, he would be challenged for neglecting his duty. And if he did make a flying week-end visit to see how things were going, as like as not he was buttonholed on Main Street by a constituent who demanded to know why he did not do something to keep us from losing the war, and by gum, if we keep on losing the war we better get a new set of Congressmen.

To make it worse, the Army and the Navy are exceedingly tough when it comes to political influence on the awarding of commissions and the like. To many millions, the principal purpose of a Congressman is to get jobs for his constituents or bring new Government money into his district. And on the whole, the war agencies have been operated on a strictly non-partisan basis. Yet, for the incumbent, votes are mostly dependent on the number of jobs and money secured, and, for his opponent, on the amount of jobs and money promised.

The fact of the matter is that the country has largely forgotten what Congress is. It takes up most of its legislator's time trying to get jobs or other favors for it. It may know that the Congress is not responsible for the acts of the Chief Executive, once it has given him the power which the laws contain, but since it cannot get at the President in an off-year, it takes its discontent out on the poor Congressman. If we had the same system as in Great Britain, where the legislature is the executive also, this would make some sense. Moreover, war is largely an executive function, and the President gets all the headlines. All a Congressman can do is suffer silently and blindly hope for the best.

WILFRID PARSONS

ALSACE AND LORRAINE SEETHE UNDER HITLER'S BRUTAL RULE

HEINZ SOFFNER

THE trains rumble at night. Ghostly trains, tightly blacked out against British sky-raiders, tense Storm Troopers on every platform, armed to the teeth. The trains rumble cautiously over the Rhine bridges—in makeshift repair after they had been blown to pieces at the outbreak of the war—and then roll on, eastward for many hours, into Nazi-occupied Poland. Sad-looking old men and women are their sorrowful load, thousands of them, deported for the deeds of their children: young Alsatians and Lorrainers who had evaded Hitler's draft, who did not want to die for the Führer, and had fled nightly, over clandestine mountain-paths.

There were other trains, two years ago, gayer trains in those hectic Summer days of 1940, when France had succumbed to the Blitzkrieg. On July 20, in a first, grandiose *geste*, Hitler had released all the Alsatians and Lorrainers among the two million French war prisoners, and his emissaries went out to unoccupied France, to invite the refugees home into their "liberated homeland." Many came, having been homesick all the time since they had been evacuated in September, 1939, from the no-man's-land between the two-fold chains of pill-boxes, forts and hidden gun-emplacements that formed the Maginot and the Siegfried Lines. They had felt lost in the southeast of France and were now stunned by the blow of the defeat. When the homeward-bound trains reached the ridge of the Vosges Mountains, German bands played joyous tunes, white-clad women of the Nazi Welfare Services presented food and beverages, and local Nazi leaders welcomed them with glowing oratory.

Between the trains that brought them home and the trains that thrust them into exile began the latest, saddest stage on that unending way of suffering that has been the fate of Alsace and Lorraine ever since the earliest Middle Ages. Those two Provinces, with a territory of 5,800 square miles—only a little larger than Connecticut—and with 1,795,000 inhabitants—about equal to that State—form only a tiny speck on the map of Europe. Nevertheless, this country is rich in natural beauty. "What a lovely garden," cried King Louis XIV, when he saw it for the first time; "A paradise," exclaimed Goethe—and rich in crops as in treasures of the subsoil, a land of ancient civilization. It is strategically situated on the crossroads of Europe, and consequently has been for many centuries the natural theatre for the innumerable wars between France and Germany. Thus, it was the main loss of defeated France in 1871 and the main prize of her victory in 1918, dearly paid for by one-and-one-half million dead.

Today, however, amidst scores of regions suffering under the Nazi heel, Alsace-Lorraine is likely to be forgotten by the world. To be sure, it has been hit heavily enough. In Strasbourg alone, 16,837 houses were severely damaged. In Metz, out of 130 factories, eight were totally destroyed, thirty submerged, thirty more seriously damaged. Everywhere, furnaces were blown up, railroad tunnels and canals blocked. But Alsace and Lorraine are isolated from the outer world and from the rest of France by a tight wall of Nazi terror and watchful censorship. Patriotic resistance there is less spectacular than, say, fighting in the Serbian mountains; Nazi violence is less bloody than elsewhere, and its potential role in this war is less visible than that of many other spots on the globe.

But we would do wrong to overlook the silent struggle in Alsace and Lorraine. It is no mere coincidence that the forces of Fighting France carry the Cross of Lorraine, and that de Gaulle's bomber squadron, operating in Libya and Egypt, has been named "Lorraine," while the accompanying fighter planes form the group "Alsace." The Nazis do not like to mention the setbacks of their forced "Germanization" in Alsace and Lorraine. The Vichy Government does not dare to speak up for its compatriots there. All the more reason for us to keep informed of what is going on in the much-coveted Provinces. It will show us how the Nazis are getting along in a territory which they allege to be "true German." It illustrates strikingly what they mean when they speak of German-French "collaboration"; and it is a significant example of the crucial problems the United Nations will have to face after Hitler's military defeat.

In Paris, on the blackened walls of the *Arc de Triomphe,* over the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, are engraved the names of twenty-eight Alsatian Generals who distinguished themselves in the service of France. 50,000 volunteers from Alsace and Lorraine (then part of Germany!) fought in World War I on the French side. Hitler cannot undo events of the past, he cannot produce Alsatian Generals in German history (there never was one); but his underlings in Alsace and Lorraine are frantically trying to erase every visible trace of French history and French civilization.

This campaign ranges far and wide, from the

sacrilegious and the barbaric, down to the trivial and the ridiculous. A special "office to purge the monuments of Alsace" has been established. Most World War memorials were leveled, even tombs of French Generals removed from public places. In Strasbourg, the statue of Jeanne d'Arc was banished, and not even the monument of Pasteur, one of mankind's foremost heroes in the peaceful fight against contagious diseases, escaped the purge. Names of streets and places were changed with as much zeal, but not always very carefully. Thus, when the *Rue du Sauvage* (*sauvage*—savage, wild man) in Mulhouse was renamed *Adolf Hitler Strasse*, Alsatians enjoyed the unintended joke tremendously, despite their dire plight.

People were forced to "Germanize" their French names and Christian names, under threat of deportation—a grotesquely confusing measure, since in many families parents and children, brothers and sisters, divided between occupied and unoccupied France, thus got totally different family names. And since such a step had never been taken in the Reich itself, a good many faithful Nazis, arriving in the "liberated Provinces" in some official capacity, proudly displayed French names—long prohibited to the "natives." (French names were never rare in Germany, particularly because of the emigration of the Huguenots.)

French books were also outlawed, not only from the public libraries, but even from private bookshelves. Zealous Storm Troopers and Hitler Youth marched from house to house in quest of such contraband. French cookbooks were by no means omitted: for they contain not only French writing, but French *cuisine*—butter instead of guns, a taste for good living—which is utterly suspect and despicable to a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi.

With equal harshness were persecuted all kinds of French inscriptions, even on jewelry and souvenirs—not only those on sale, but those in private rooms as well! It is hardly necessary to mention that it was forbidden from the beginning to speak, to write, or to play French. "Reliable" Alsatian teachers were sent to "re-education" courses in Kurhaus Freyersbach, in the Black Forest, run by the Nazi Teachers' League.

Graver than these brutal and arbitrary, but superficial and ineffective measures—which incite native resistance and cause a good many former autonomists to turn against their German "liberators"—are Hitler's long-range plans to Germanize Alsace and Lorraine from scratch. Under International Law, incidentally, the two Provinces are still French territory. The armistice treaty of Compiègne contains no known clause about a cession. Vichy has formally denied any agreement on that point, although the only *geste* by which Vichy upheld its claim was—strangely enough—the continued payment of indemnities to the Deputies and Senators from Alsace and Lorraine.

Hitler, never troubled by legal scruples (and not disturbed by his many solemn promises never to ask for the two Provinces), merged Lorraine with the Reich districts Saar and Palatinate into the new *Gau Westmark* under Gauleiter Bürckel, his annexation-expert Number One, who had already successfully managed the annexation of the Saar in 1935 and the annexation of Austria in 1938. Alsace was incorporated into the *Gau Baden* under Gauleiter Wagner. To the thirteen county directorates of the annexed Provinces were appointed eight former "autonomists" (alias Fifth Columnists) and five Germans from the *Altreich*. The German penal code was introduced in March, 1941.

After one year of Nazi occupation, about 240,000 people—that is, every seventh inhabitant—had already left the two Provinces. The Nazis had exiled into unoccupied France more than 100,000 Frenchmen, Jews and "politically unreliable elements." "Mixed" couples (Alsatian husband and French wife, or vice versa) had either to pledge themselves to educate their children as Nazis and never to speak French at home—or were exiled, too. Now unruly people are deported to Poland. Tens of thousands more either decided voluntarily in favor of France, and were consequently expatriated into the Vichy zone, or escaped secretly.

Moreover, the thousands of boys and girls drafted for the compulsory Nazi Labor Service are almost never employed within the two Provinces, but sent far away into the Reich, if not to the Eastern Front. University students also are seldom allowed to enrol at the Nazified university of Strasbourg (where English is taught by an ex-head of Hitler's Fifth Column in Britain), but methodically dispersed to German universities, particularly to Freiburg, Heidelberg and Frankfurt. Workers are shifted to war factories beyond the Rhine, while battalions of Polish war prisoners and units of the Reich Labor Service work in their place.

While thus every community in Alsace and Lorraine is being torn up and penetrated by the well known network of Nazi organizations (whoever does not join at least one of the auxiliary groups of the Nazi party is being deported to Poland), new, purely Germanized and Nazified villages are founded. The Maginot Line is being razed by armies of war prisoners, and its guns have gone to the defense of the French coast. The destroyed villages within the fortified zone are rebuilt according to a Nazi master plan: around the village square stand the buildings for Hitler Youth, Storm Troopers, Elite Guards and Nazi Welfare Service.

Choice farms are reserved for war veterans and Alsatian "volunteers." In the meantime, abandoned and confiscated properties are cultivated by some kind of compulsory collectives, supervised by the Nazi Farmers' Organization. Big landed estates are being broken up in order to destroy utterly the pro-French upper classes and to create a new class of farmers who owe all to the "new order." In the midst of all these innovations, Gauleiter Bürckel pursues an even more ambitious plan of producing "synthetically" a new middle-class of worker-farmers, employed in thinly scattered workshops, each one endowed with a house and seven acres of his own. The war-essential factories of Lorraine, iron-ore mines and steel mills, have all been taken over by German trusts.

What can the Alsatians and Lorrainers hope for,

under this tempest of Nazi thoroughness which has kept violating the very foundations of their lives for two years? Imagine how these folk vegetate, huddled together in their shingle-covered houses, whispering in their forbidden language, or listening to a forbidden radio, or reading forbidden papers. They do not know whether they will live to see another day in the village of their ancestors (for the Gestapo strikes at night), they do not know what became of their children, they do not know what is going on beyond the Vosges, in France, for neither mail nor travelers are likely to arrive.

They do not yield to their oppressors. The mounting anger of the Nazi sheets, the unceasing deportations, the flood of threatening decrees—all testify to the steadfast, if silent, resistance of the people. At first, German families from the badly bombed lower Rhine and Ruhr areas were sent to shelter in Alsace and Lorraine. This has all but ceased since last October, because most of the German *evacués* felt too intensely the mute enmity of the "natives." One of the leading local Nazi bosses is reported to have burst out, angrily: "Ninety-five per cent of those Alsatians are French-heads." And he added sadly: "And the remaining five per cent are swine as well."

According to the Nazi sheet, *Strassburger Neueste Nachrichten*, of April 21, 1942, a boy of eighteen has been shot for sabotage, and nine others received heavy prison terms for the same crime. They were indicted for frequent acts of sabotage against railroads, telephone lines and military cars. One of the defendants alone was alleged to have damaged more than one hundred army vehicles!

Particularly significant of Alsatian stubbornness are the unending judgments for "illicit" contacts with Frenchmen or with war prisoners. Last May a girl, sent to a German war factory near the Lake of Constance, was sentenced to three months in prison because she had continued to write letters to her fiancé, a French war prisoner. A certain K.M. in Buchsweiler got three months in prison because he talked to a war prisoner and gave him cigarettes. A farmer in Uffheim was fined 100 Reichsmark because he had allowed himself, his wife and his daughter, to be photographed together with a Polish war prisoner!

And while they resist, obstinately, desperately, silently, they pray and hope for a victory of the United Nations, secretly cheering every bit of good news from the British radio, stealthily greeting the roaring squadrons of the R.A.F. droning overhead, aiming at the war factories and industrial centers of the Reich.

On the Hartmannsweilerkopf in Alsace, where, on one of the bloodiest battlefields of World War I, 20,000 dead are buried, stands a cross, bearing the inscription: "Have mercy upon the Living!" The memory of the hecatombs, sacrificed in the last war, did not prevent this one. So let the hard-tried survivors of Alsace and Lorraine stand before us as a symbol of the many suffering nations of this global war, as a living admonition of what we have to do not only on the battlefield, but on the peace table as well!

IN GEORGETOWN LOAFERS GO TO WORK

PAUL L. BLAKELY

IF you have never heard of Georgetown, let me inform you on the authority of Irvin Cobb that it is "one of the prettiest towns in the Blue Grass country," down in Kentucky. Founded in 1775 as McClelland's Fort, or Station, later known as Lebanon, and finally named in honor of the Father of his country, Georgetown merits its page in the history of the Commonwealth. Here lived Richard Malcolm Johnson, Member of Congress, United States Senator, Vice President of the United States, Indian fighter, and the reputed slayer of Tecumseh (it used to be said by the ribald that from the skin of that statesman and warrior he had made himself a razor-strop); and here was built the first paper-mill west of the mountains. Perhaps I ought to add, now that the threat of Prohibition overshadows us, that in Georgetown was founded one of the Commonwealth's first whiskey distilleries, and founded, too, if I am not in error, by a Presbyterian preacher!

But these are ancient glories. Georgetown's most recent place in the sun was won last month by the formulation of a plan to increase the manpower of the nation. I repeat the substance of the story, as given in the Georgetown *Times*, in the hope that other communities, particularly in agricultural districts, will do likewise. At a time when we are harried with rumors that mothers will be assigned to farms and factories, Georgetown's plan should be considered.

Farmers coming in from the country for supplies had long observed a considerable number of able-bodied men engaged in leaning against the walls of public buildings, as if intent on keeping them from falling down, while the walls performed a reciprocal service for them. Since the walls seemed fairly firm, the simple farmers thought that in these men they might find a source of sorely needed farm labor. When entreaty failed, however, the farmers invoked the authority of the secular arm, represented by County Judge Barkley, Police Judge Roberts, and J. S. Duncan, of the Scott County War Board. After conference, this statement was issued:

> Due to the scarcity of men brought on by our all-out war effort, there is a serious shortage of labor among the farmers of Scott county [they declare]. From observation, there are a considerable number of apparently able-bodied men loafing around the public thoroughfares, public buildings and public places in Georgetown, and other places in Scott county, when farmers are combing the countryside for help to harvest crops. Also, it has come to the attention of the authorities that considerable vegetable crops, and important crops material to the war effort, were not and are not now being harvested, but are being lost, and are now being abandoned by the farmers for the reason that necessary

labor cannot be produced in Georgetown or in Scott County to harvest same.

The committee then reports that "an appeal to the moral responsibility" of these loafers will first be made. But this will be followed, in case the said moral responsibility is not quickened, by recourse to the sword. For the first refusal to work, the punishment will be a fine of ten dollars and thirty days in jail, and for the second, sixty days in jail at hard labor. Individuals on relief, working only two days per week, are also subject to these penalties. In brief, if you live in Georgetown, or in Scott County, you must go to work or go to jail.

Georgetown is not particularly rich in able-bodied men who "loaf around the public thoroughfares." I should say that the per capita of able-bodied loafers is much higher in New York, and high enough in other cities to make one wonder how serious is this alleged shortage of manpower. Quite possibly, the trouble is not so much lack of manpower, as lack of knowledge how to use to best advantage a supply that is fairly abundant.

Senator Pepper, of Florida, said last week in the Senate that the Southern juke-joints are still full of men engaged in a non-essential industry. "I would rather jerk the owners from their juke-joints," he affirmed, "than housewives from their homes." Representative Ramspeck, of Georgia, has his eye upon a number of young gentlemen, now sitting at desks in the multitudinous bureaus and agencies at Washington. What their contribution to our all-out war effort may be, Mr. Ramspeck proposes to investigate. The fears expressed by Messrs. Pepper and Ramspeck are also implicit in the preliminary report of the Tolan committee, released last week. Our first task is to take stock of the manpower we have, to search for other sources, and then to apply this power where it is most needed.

This search is going on in several parts of the country. In mid-October, Governor Stassen, of Minnesota, appointed the first State "manpower commission," to meet the great losses suffered by the dairy and livestock farms. One excellent result already achieved is an order from General Hershey to the local selective service boards to defer, at least for the time, all men who can be used for farm work. On its part, the State will sever about 1,300 young men from its pay-rolls within the next ninety days, and these will go either to the farms or to the army. Working through county boards and agents, the commission is seeking out city men with farm experience, and men engaged in non-essential industries, and an attempt will be made to place them, with their consent, of course, on farms. A special campaign has been initiated to enlist for farm work men rejected by the draft boards.

Naturally, these and other local efforts must be subjected to the direction of the Federal military authorities. Half a dozen plans have been offered to Congress, the most radical of which is the measure which was forecast some weeks ago by Director McNutt, of the War Manpower Commission. As outlined before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, the plan confers upon the President a threefold authority; to oblige all employers to hire through a central Federal agency, to control the way in which labor is used—thus preventing the transfer of workers from a plant in which they are needed to another in which the demand "is caused solely by improper utilization of labor"—and, finally, authority to oblige the worker to remain on one job, or to transfer to another where he may be more necessary. Essentially, the McNutt plan applies to the worker about the same compulsions which the Federal Government can now use in dealing with enlisted men.

This is certainly a large grant of authority but, in my judgment, the people, acting through Congress, can vest it in the President. I am even inclined to think that, under his war-powers, the President already possesses it. But that either Congress or the President will at this time act to affirm Mr. McNutt's plan, may be seriously doubted. Indeed, Mr. McNutt himself seems to offer it as a kind of threat, to be enforced in case surplus manpower, wherever found, declines to work. Probably that is why he referred in his testimony before the Senate committee to the horrifying prospect of 5,000,000 women, including even women with children, drafted for factory work.

As yet, the American people do not seem ready to go as far as Mr. McNutt would lead them. They understand "national service" quite well, when there is a question of service in the Army, Navy, or in civilian employment under the Government. But, unless war comes to our very doors, they may never understand that regimented work on the farms and in munitions factories is no less "national service" than fighting at the front.

Americans have been accustomed to work where they pleased, to change their jobs as they pleased and to quit work when they pleased. The lesson that this liberty can be curtailed in war time, on the principle that the common must prevail over the individual good, is a lesson that Americans find hard. The modifications which Congress will almost certainly apply to the McNutt plan, may help us all to understand that compulsions, intolerable in times of peace, can become necessary when the nation is fighting for its existence.

Meanwhile, such efforts as those which have been noted in Georgetown and in Minnesota ought to be encouraged. They are local, they tend to turn men back to the farms, and if they do nothing else they stimulate study of a problem as serious as it is complicated.

Until last month, we did not even suspect that we had all about us millions of pounds of valuable junk. Some genius, on whom Hitler will never bestow the Iron Cross, excogitated the scheme of local drives throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the result was amazing. Unfortunately, we cannot toss all our junk-like loafers into a blast-furnace, and get good steel. But among them, it is highly probable, some material will be found that can be used. At all events, a country-wide trial of the Georgetown plan will make us all realize that we ought to be in jail, if we refuse to work.

THE GOOD NEBRASKA EARTH GROWS A PLAN FOR RURAL LIFE

JOHN LaFARGE

NO sooner had I arrived at Elkhorn than Father Rawe suggested we visit Boy's Town, but some three miles distant on the road leading into Omaha. It was a good introduction to what I should see at his own Omar Farm.

Uninvited, and democratically unnoticed, we stepped into the splendid new Boy's Town dining-hall where 350 boys, of a sunny Saturday noon, dropped knives and forks to listen to one of their number at the microphone calling for volunteers. Before the speaker could tell of the job to be done on the premises, hands were waving in the air. An instant's gesture symbolized the spirit that Monsignor Flanagan planted with his faith, and watered with his limitless patience. His was a spiritual farmer's touch. Now the Christian Brothers are helping him to gather the annual harvest of citizens prepared for time and eternity.

Out on the rolling Nebraska prairie, it was moving to happen upon another monument to the generosity of the late Mrs. Nicholas Brady, the impressive Chapel of Boy's Town. It was reassuring to see palatial dairy barns and learn that these were a gift of the motion-picture people, part atonement for the anti-climax of the first Boy's Town film. It was enlightening to see the homelike dormitories. But no architect's structure caught the eye quite as much as did a structure of another kind: a lesson in literal, universal Catholicism. All you needed was to look around you and view the boys who worked, lived, prayed and played together.

At the Omar Research Farm, the Rev. John C. Rawe, S.J., is not offering a haven for 350 boys, or for thirty-five boys. The maximum he wishes for the Rural Life Institute of Creighton University, as the project is officially titled, is about ten: not boys (under seventeen) but young men (from eighteen up into the early thirties). Out of eighty applicants who had responded to his prospectus of the Institute, he accepted eight. Four of these have already had to leave for their country's service, four were left, and now their tenure is uncertain.

He is not offering a haven of any kind, but a workshop for the future. The young men attending the Rural Life Institute are pioneers in an undertaking which, it is Father Rawe's expectation, will provide a practical solution for the appalling problems of unemployment that are bound to occur in the post-war period, once the era of immediate reconstruction is over.

Father Rawe's aim is to elaborate in practice what the National Catholic Rural Life Conference is consistently enunciating in theory: a really workable philosophy of rural life, based upon sound biology and genuine Christian principles. Omar Farm is a laboratory of some of the Conference's most distinctive ideas. This may be illustrated by recalling that at its twentieth annual convention, in Peoria, Ill., October 3 to 6 of this year, the Conference insisted upon:

1. the natural right and urgent necessity of a widely distributed family ownership of the land (as opposed to land monopoly);
2. organization of community efforts for production;
3. preservation of the family and the home, and increased home-production of food and clothing;
4. possibilities of land-settlement as a post-war measure;
5. widespread development of the cooperative movement and the credit union; and
6. more emphasis upon education of an agricultural nature for the boy and girl on the land.

All of this, through bringing the "full influence of religion" to bear throughout the countryside at a time when religion is most needed in the lives of men.

Resolutions alone, however, will have no more effect in achieving these objectives than do sign-posts in carrying the motorist to his destination. If we are to get anywhere, in Father Rawe's view, leaders must be trained up—young men and young women—who will have so thoroughly mastered the philosophy of rural life that they can inspire others to imitate them, and so enable such plans as those of post-war rural resettlements actually to come into being.

The start will be made elsewhere with the young women. A beginning is already made by the Ladies of the Grail at their Doddridge Farm, near Libertyville, Ill. The girls, in the long run, may have quite as much to say as the boys about the success of the rural-life program.

Father Rawe believes these young men (respectively young women) will be able to make a success of agriculture when they understand—with all their practical implications—the genuine, not the artificial, laws of production and consumption, with their corresponding laws of human living.

The natural, and therefore *in the long run* the most effective, unit for producing the varied food-stuffs needed for human living is the small, not the large, agricultural unit. Agriculture is a biological, not a mechanical process. The marvelous discov-

eries made in recent years in the field of mass production of man-made goods have far outstripped our exploration of the subtle operations of the biological world. In Dr. Alexis Carrel's sense, man—with the living things that feed man—is still the "unknown." This world follows nature's pace, not the factory's.

The great centralized units may speed up production for a time. Father Rawe (and the Conference) entertain no idea of putting shackles upon Secretary Wickard's demand for all-out food production during the war. But their program is building for the future; for a permanent, not a temporary, economy. The small units, in which man works with nature in a type of life that suits his own human nature will, in any permanent economy, supply far more food to the nation and to the world than the most cleverly devised scheme of mass-produced, mass-distributed farming.

The man who ran Omar Farm before Father Rawe took it over, raised thousands of hens as "captives" in steel cages. The hens never touched the ground from their incubation to the day of their demise. They became so deranged from this unnatural life that they would bump their heads against the top of the cage at the approach of a visitor and die from concussion of the brain. Disease, when it appeared, cut huge swaths in the captive-hen, mass-egg-production world. "Give a man a dozen hens," says Father Rawe, "and he can keep them healthy and wise." His program is one that keeps the individual close to the "contented" cows, comfortable hens, clean hogs and to the very earthworms, who are the original "dirt farmers." (The first thing you visit at Omar is the earthworm ranch in the cellar.)

The man who will supply for the nation bone and blood and substance, the man upon whom a resettlement plan can be built, is, in the words of Bishop Muench, president of the N.C.R.L.C., "a cooperator with God in continuing His work of creation; he must have an unusual skill and varied experience, as financier, worker, buyer, seller, expert in soil, seed, poultry and cattle." The family of such a man works in a free economy, in which the producer deals directly with the consumer, and both parties overcome their individual handicaps by the effective process of cooperation. In such an economy, the vexed question of parity—equality between what the farmer sells and what he buys—largely takes care of itself.

Creighton University, in adopting the Rural Life Institute, goes upon the idea that such a way of living can be taught as a practical economy and as a spiritual ideal. A couple of days spent with the Omar household will impress anybody, as it did me, with the clear grasp the young men obtain on both facts and principles when they are learned according to the plan used at Elkhorn.

A year's work and study on the farm is divided into three "semesters." Six main topics are offered: Farm Soil Science (biology, chemistry, physics, etc., of the soil); the Farm Family (e.g. home economics; home food-processing; spiritual values of a family-farm economics; community and cooperation); Farm Economics (accounting, planning, crop rotation, practical calculations); Farm Animals (including field crops and pasture improvement) and, again, Farm Animals (livestock in its many branches); Farm Arts and Crafts (use and care of machines, water and light systems, surveying, etc.).

In each of these there are two lectures and at least six hours of laboratory each week. The farm, besides a generous quota of poultry and hogs, takes care of eighty Guernsey cattle. Beside the students, three or four skilled farm-hands are employed.

For each of the six topics, four college credits are provided by Creighton University, making twenty-four college credits for the year's work. Trinity College, conducted by the Brothers of Mary at Sioux City, Iowa, counts the year's work for an entire year of their own college.

Two questions were paramount in my mind as we gathered around the brick mansion's blazing fireplace that October evening—none of us strangers to one another, as the boys were habitual AMERICA readers, and many were the talks Father Rawe and I had had about the possibility of such an institute when he was living in New York. Paul was from Western Nebraska, near the Jesuit Indian missions. Dick was a Des Moines lawyer's son, who cast his mental lot for a farmer's career when studying at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Ed had refused, all day, to let a recalcitrant pasteurizing machine get him down. John was a graduate of the rural parish high school at Granger, Iowa. He rose before dawn, like Lucifer, to drive the Omar Farms milk-truck into Omaha—fifteen miles distant—delivering the profit-making fluid to the University, St. Joseph's Hospital, and other institutions.

Was the project working out practically; and what of its immediate future?

The answer to question number one was an unequivocal yes. If it had been anything else, all would have packed up and gone home, Father Rawe included, for the purpose of the farm was to show not only *a* practical way of living but *the* only ultimately practical way of living for the vast majority of American farmers, and, indeed, for a vast proportion of Americans of all kinds after the war. The farm operates economically; its results are achieved by inexpensive methods, within the reach of the ordinary man and woman; its costs and accounts are sedulously checked and re-checked. Only disaster can prevent a profit.

For forty years, rich men had experimented with specialized products and elaborate equipment at that farm. All failed and none of them paid. With diversified farming and the modicum of equipment, the present plan runs its modest profit and feeds all parties generously into the bargain.

The answer to question two was: no anxiety at all were it not for the war crisis. As the work was getting on its feet, more and more young men were becoming interested; already there were imitators elsewhere, and the prospects were brighter for the eventual realizing of Father Rawe's desideratum, such an Institute in every State or rural diocese.

But the war had now made its searching de-

mands. It may be that for the duration all that can be done at Elkhorn is to carry on the work of the farm alone, until the educational program can be resumed. Yet there are several scholarships available, for a few young men who would be willing and able to follow the course. None should attempt it who would be likely to leave before the year is out, for a solid twelve months are imperative: a few months' coming and going has no advantage.

I hope that the Government's manpower policy will see the wisdom of insisting that a nucleus of able young men be spared for just such training; and that draft deferments be regulated accordingly. What an excellent preparation for a rural pastorate would be afforded to a seminarian who had taken such training in his student years! An answer may yet be found. But one thing appears certain. History is being written at Elkhorn, Neb., as it is being written from another angle at Granger, Iowa. This work contains, in germ, the makings of a plan that will bring back millions of dispossessed to the now unproductive land of this continent. It is the way to build leaders who will bring back these millions to the land that is rightfully theirs. Like all great works, it may suffer a temporary trial and setback through the world's calamity. But it cannot be permanently defeated. Creighton University's vision, and Father Rawe's and Monsignor Ligutti's and the Bishops' vision and that of their great counselor and guide, Pope Pius XII, cannot rest permanently unfulfilled.

DEPLETION ALLOWANCES PUNCH LOOPHOLES IN THE TAX LAW

JOHN CARSON

(*Continued from last week*)

The failure of the Joint Committee is a matter of vast importance to the public interest. It is a phase of another story which might be entitled, "What is Wrong with Congress," which I would like to write. But, to go on with the exposé.

When "discovery depletion" became established, oil was selling at extremely high prices, as much as $3.75 a barrel in Texas, and as much as $6.00 a barrel in Pennsylvania. The Bureau "experts" developed a scheme for evaluation of oil leases which was made up of a series of hypotheses. They estimated the amount of oil in a lease, estimated the amount which would be recovered from year to year, estimated the life of the wells in the lease, estimated the price of oil over that extended future period, multiplied the estimated price times the estimated amount of oil to be recovered, then deducted expenses of exploration and got an estimated net recovery of money from the lease. This amount they discounted to establish the "value" of the lease. In that vast field of estimate and conjecture, the tax experts and tax lobbyists roamed, and ran over honest men in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

One example of the usefulness of this opportunity for hypothesis and conjecture is sufficient. The "discount factor" was an important consideration in determining value. Once the total net income of a company was estimated at, let us say $10,000,000, a "discount factor" was used to determine present worth or present value. The "discount factor" should have been the rate of return or profit a reasonable man would expect if he were to invest in that particular field of industry. In speculative manufacturing industries, a reasonable man might purchase stocks or make investments on the fair assumption that he would have a dividend or return of ten per cent. If the profit and dividend were less speculative, a return of eight per cent might induce investors to buy. On real estate, a return of five per cent would be sufficient, let us say. In the highly speculative oil industry, a sane man would expect a return of fifteen to twenty per cent, because of the risk involved.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, in the Gulf Oil Company evaluation, fixed a discount factor of only five per cent and thus increased the value of Gulf leases by some 300 to 400 per cent, as compared with what it should have been. Other oil companies got favorable consideration, but not as favorable as that given to Gulf Oil Company by the men in the Bureau, who were to be in a few short months the subordinates of the dominant owner of Gulf Oil, Andrew W. Mellon. Bold attorneys for Gulf Oil, the weak and futile Bureau representatives and the highly paid accounting firm for Gulf Oil, actually attempted to defend this decision. But the odor lingers still.

As a result of these hypothetical valuations, plus the frauds, plus the high price for oil in many sections, valuations were so great and deductions for "discovery depletion" were so large, that in many instances not only all the net taxable income of oil

companies from oil leases was wiped out, but income from other investments also, and tax credits were carried over into future years. Thus, in many instances, taxes were escaped in some years and also credits were established against the possibility of taxes in future years.

In 1921, the oil companies agreed to amend the law. The Couzens Committee was advised the oil companies then feared an exposé. Because the fraud was so reprehensible, they might well have feared that a Bureau employe might violate the law which shrouds income-tax returns in secrecy—and one of the chief purposes of the secrecy-provision in the law is to prevent Government employes from exposing such frauds—and expose the infamy of the discovery-depletion clause. The amendment the oil companies permitted in 1921, in general effect, merely provided that the depletion allowances could not exceed the total income of oil companies from oil leases. They could not use the discovery depletion to evade tax on profit from other sources, and could not carry over credits into a future year.

In 1924, when Senator James Couzens began his long effort to expose the frauds in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the oil companies agreed to another amendment. They agreed to reduce the maximum subsidy to fifty per cent of gross income, instead of 100 per cent.

Then the Couzens Committee bared the fraud. The evidence in many typical cases is buried in the reports of the Committee. Couzens began his fight, and something happened which I had never witnessed theretofore. During a noon recess of the Senate, someone dared to put on the desks of Senators, in the Senate chamber, a piece of printed propaganda from the oil interests. The propaganda, concocted of not even half-truths, was that Couzens' fight to establish an honest base for depletion deductions, the honest base of actual investment in oil leases, would destroy "the little oil companies."

Those were the days when it was political sacrilege to attack powerful financial interests, when the public conscience was mired in the muck of Teapot Dome and other scandals, when tax bills were written to refund taxes already collected on tremendous profits of corporations. Couzens, and the little band of Progressives in the Senate, fought resolutely to clear the discovery-depletion blot from Congress by amending the Act. The oil companies, frightened, rushed to cover with a new proposal.

The "discovery-depletion" clause was difficult to administer, they admitted. It did permit inequity, they added, but they had a remedy. They proposed to substitute for it a system of "percentage depletion," and at first they suggested that oil companies should be permitted to deduct 37.5 per cent of their gross income as "depletion allowances." Finally they compromised by accepting an amendment to the law, through which they were permitted to deduct 27.5 per cent of their gross income for "depletion"—and the infamy in the "discovery-depletion clause" was thereby compounded. Now, at the present time, oil companies which have had in depletion allowances many times the amount of their total investments in oil leases, are still deducting 27.5 per cent of gross income, year after year.

Why has this fraud been permitted to continue? The answer is the tremendously powerful influence of oil lobbyists. The more important answer is to be found in answer to the question of "What is wrong with Congress?" The machinery of Congress is worse than "horse-and-buggy-days machinery." It is machinery developed to cope with business demands of the years of totem-poles. It is that situation which has enabled the executive branch of the Government to become dominant; perhaps it has forced the executive branch of the Government to assume authority.

In 1934, the Treasury Department asserted its virtue on this issue and denounced "discovery depletion," or "percentage depletion." Congress did nothing. In 1938, President Roosevelt and Secretary Henry Morgenthau denounced this subsidy, along with other fraudulent methods of evading tax laws. Congress set up a special committee to study the President's message, heard testimony which included a statement against "percentage depletion," and then closed up some minor loopholes in the tax laws. As to "percentage depletion," the committee said the matter would have to be studied. In 1942, Secretary Morgenthau and his assistants vigorously assailed "percentage depletion" again, but this present Congress has done nothing about it.

Remember, that "discovery depletion" was proposed by the oil-producing companies to stimulate wild-catting and oil explorations, and thus provide for greater production of oil. If such a necessity existed then—and it is very doubtful that it did—that necessity has passed. Now, the Government is assuming authority to control production of oil in many States and for the purpose of preventing "excess" production, which causes a break in oil prices. Remember that it is now proved conclusively that the Act benefited the poor little wild-catter very little, that it was the powerful oil companies which got the subsidy or most of it. Remember, that there is no logical reason why this subsidy should continue, why corporations which are engaged in manufacturing and individual taxpayers should carry the burden the oil companies thus escape. Remember that if there is any reason for establishing classes of taxpayers, every bit of logic will justify imposing a heavier rate of taxation on interests which derive their wealth from the exploitation of natural resources. Remember that the estimates as to the total loss in these subsidies run all the way from $125,000,000 a year to $200,000,000 a year and that the subsidy now in effect has run for more than twenty-four years. Hence the total is probably close to three billions of dollars.

Why is this subsidy permitted? The subject is difficult to make clear to the man in the street who must try to know something about his Government through reading as he runs. The public has no realization of the vastness of the transaction and its egregious character. And this is only one of the smelly provisions of the Federal tax laws.

WAR-AIMS IN THE SCHOOL

IN the progressive little town of Bridgeville the diocesan Superintendent of Schools confers once a month with Mother Bernardine, Faculty editor of Bridgeville College's *Catenian.*

"You look worried," remarked Mother Bernardine at their latest interview, "Like de Lawd in 'The Green Pastures,' you do not find the job of governing your own universe quite a bed of roses."

"Mother," replied the Superintendent, "you don't need to tell me that. The draft is now creeping up on our secondary schools. The Bridgeville politicians are already laying their plans for taxing church and private-school property. And that means any institutions not State supported."

"And I may remind you, Father," added Mother Bernardine, "that there is no effective agency in this country to speak for all such schools in matters of taxation. What have we to say when it comes to the activities classification of teachers?"

"Furthermore," continued the Superintendent, as he glanced over his laden desk. "I have a lot of new conundrums. What new courses should be put in, what place made in the curriculum for increasing requirements in the field of vocational education. And who will teach them? And so on."

"We seem to be piling up question marks," observed Mother Bernardine drily. "Good that we are not Spaniards, who put a question mark before as well as after every query. Let me change the subject, and put a question to you. What would you say, Father, is the capital issue in this war—in the great world conflict, seen as a whole?"

A bit surprised at this turn of thought, the Superintendent answered: "I should say it is the question whether or not the concept of true human dignity is to survive or is to be erased from the mind of mankind. Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I wish to give the other side of the picture," said Mother Bernardine. "Something that may bring a little more light and courage on the scene. Let me now ask another. Will not our Catholic schools do a wonderful work in keeping this issue squarely and clearly before the minds of our young people, and through them, before the minds of the entire public?"

"I not only think they would do a great service by doing so," said the Superintendent, "but I believe this is now their unique opportunity. The public mind has been bewildered and confused as to the central issues of the global war. They hear much of the dignity of man, but it is our Catholic schools who can best tell them what *is* that dignity of man; from what source it comes, how it is manifested, and the ruin that comes from degrading it. But will our young people understand this?"

"They will understand it," replied Mother Bernardine, "if we make such teaching a plain and a living thing, not just a dry and pompous formula. To us Catholic educators is entrusted the very heart of the United Nations' defense. Let us thank God, you and I, reverend Father, and all cur school folk, that we can serve this glorious opportunity."

EDIT

UNITY AND THE PRESS

IN union with 130,000,000 other Americans, we have a deep-seated, congenital suspicion of censorship. If we accept resignedly present limitations on what we are permitted to know of the progress of the war, and what we are permitted to publish, it is because we recognize the reasonableness of such controls.

Despite our abhorrence of censorship, however, there have been times since the war began when we found ourselves seriously tempted to advocate even stricter controls over certain sections of the American press. We have, unfortunately, among us editors and publishers who, by their brash imprudence, are gravely endangering the unity that must exist not only among different groups of Americans, but between the United States and its Allies. The *New Republic's* attempt to keep alive pre-Pearl Harbor controversies, the *Nation's* vendetta with the State Department, *PM's* sensational exposés and puerilities, are instances of this imprudence in reporting the home front. All have contributed notably, if unconsciously, to Herr Goebbels' attempt to divide us.

Even more dangerous to the successful conduct of the war are stupid stories which can only have the effect of wounding the sensibilities of our Allies, especially of those Allies who cherish in common with us a love for liberty and a respect for human dignity. Of such a nature were recent articles in *Time* and *Life* dealing with Latin America, Britain and Canada.

The whole brash, sensation-loving wing of American journalism ought to ponder well a pertinent statement of Donald Nelson, War Production Chief. Aroused by a false report in *PM* that Charles E. Wilson, one of his chief lieutenants, had threatened to resign, Mr. Nelson wrote the editor a letter of stinging protest. After exposing the lie, he concluded:

> In the light of these facts, and in the light of the urgency of complete unity of purpose in the war effort, I am frankly at a loss to understand why *PM*—in this and other instances—is content to print stories which would be arrant nonsense at any time and which, in time of war, act as a positive drag on a united effort.

We share Mr. Nelson's perplexity. In addition, we fear that if this "arrant nonsense" continues, the clamps of censorship will close more tightly than ever.

TORIALS

THE HOEY MEMORIAL

SOME designs may be imposed upon human society by sheer force. Some may be laid down by law. But there are certain patterns which will never govern men's conduct until they have been taught by persons who are filled with a sense of justice and the spirit of love. Such a pattern, the fulfilment in our American life of the principles of interracial justice, is symbolized by the design of the Vine and the Branches engraved on a medal bestowed October 25 in New York City upon two Catholic laymen—one of the white, one of the colored race—the first recipients of the newly established annual award in memory of the late James J. Hoey.

It was most appropriate, remarked the Most Rev. Stephen J. Donahue, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, that the epoch-making ceremony should be taking place upon the Feast of Christ the King. For "in the Kingdom of Christ, there is no distinction of race, and all men are equal." The greatness of the Feast and the impressiveness of the award were in accord with the tremendous significance and rapid development of the movement which the medal is destined to further. This movement aims at the elimination from our social, political, religious life, as far as is humanly possible, of the poison of race prejudice. It employs the means used in all periods by the Church of Christ: prayer, education and good example.

To the extent that gross misconceptions are removed, and every American treated as a man and a citizen, not as a mere symbol of a racial group, just to that extent will the pastor of souls, the educator, the social worker, the capable leaders in the Negro group itself, be free to devote their unhampered energies to constructive work.

The two recipients of the medal, Mr. Frank A. Hall, Director of the N.C.W.C. News Service, and Mr. Edward LaSalle, President of the Catholic Interracial Council of Kansas City, Kans., were chosen as men who, in outstanding fashion, have specifically and directly worked for the furtherance of the Catholic program of interracial justice. Their example will encourage thousands of other Catholic laymen to do the same. Mr. Hoey's devoted family are to be greatly congratulated for their zeal and foresight in establishing this annual award.

CHRIST IN THE PRISONER

SHORTLY after the raid on Dieppe, it was reported that the German officials were treating the prisoners taken on that occasion with great cruelty. The charge seems to be true, although it has not been proved juridically. A great outcry naturally followed in England, and a policy of reprisals was demanded by numerous factions, on the ground that it would prevent similar excesses in the future.

As yet, this problem of reprisals, always difficult to deal with, has not been presented to the American people. Since it may arise, however, because of American prisoners held in Japan after the air-raid by General Doolittle, some discussion is opportune.

A distinction must be made between prisoners taken after actual combat, and enemy civilians residing in a given country at the time that war is declared. When there is reason to believe that these civilians constitute a military hazard, the authorities are justified in imposing restrictions which render them harmless, even though these restrictions include loss of liberty and of property. Hence the Government was justified in transferring the Japanese from the Pacific States to inland districts. But the Government would not be justified in refusing to supply these prisoners with food, clothing and proper lodgings, on the plea that American civilians in Japan have been ill treated. Two wrongs do not make a right.

Prisoners of war likewise have a claim to humane treatment, and nothing can justify the imposition of cruel and unusual punishment. It is true that individuals can be subjected to penalties, including death, if in the campaign they have been guilty of crimes against the civilian population, or against prisoners. In this case, they forfeit the status of prisoners of war, and can be dealt with as criminals, subject to punishment by the military and civil authorities.

Both prisoners of war and enemy civilians must be treated, to state a general principle, not only with justice, but with charity. Acts of vengeance against defenseless men are wholly unjustifiable, and remain unjustifiable, even when the enemy is guilty of acts of savagery. The fact that the enemy sets at naught the laws of God, and the compacts by which civilized nations have sought to make war less horrible, cannot possibly excuse the same conduct by the offended nation.

Japan was not a signatory of the Geneva Convention on the treatment of prisoners. Though it professed approval of the Convention's principles, it consistently violated them in China. Reports from London state that Germany, a signatory, is about to renounce the Convention, on the ground of alleged atrocities by Great Britain and the United States. To what extent Germany has already renounced the Convention in practice, is not yet clear. But should the Convention be completely rejected by all the warring nations, the horrors of this world-wide conflict would be multiplied in a frightful degree.

Again and again the Holy Father has pleaded for humane treatment for all prisoners and, through his Legates in Europe and Asia, has endeavored to bring temporal and spiritual solace to these captives. The Pontiff calls upon all of us to remember that the eternal laws of justice and charity must not be set aside, either by Governments or by individuals, for the duration of the war.

Our Divine Lord did not bid us love our friends only, but our enemies. In the prisoner of war, we must see Christ in bonds before Pilate, and minister to Him.

PROHIBITION'S BEST FRIEND

WISELY did the Senate reject Senator Lee's Prohibition rider to the youth-draft bill. Senator Tydings was not far wrong when he styled that rider "the Capone amendment." It was not germane to the bill, in any true sense, and it would not have protected the enlisted men, had it been adopted. It would merely have sent men, usually content with beer, out of the camps in search of bootleg establishments, most of which are dens of vice.

To assume, however, that the fight for Prohibition has now ended, would be a serious mistake. The Prohibitionists have been quietly drawing up their forces for the last few years, as this Review has pointed out on more than one occasion, and are now in a strong position. They have just begun to fight.

These misguided men and women have many zealous supporters, but their greatest source of strength is neither the Anti-Saloon League, in its present stream-lined splendor, nor the W.C.T.U. The source of power, which may yet drag this country back to the barbaric jungle of Federal Prohibition, is found in the whiskey distillers and, in a lesser degree, the brewers.

For a number of years, millions of dollars have been spent annually to advertise in newspapers and magazines the virtues of whiskey and beer. The visitor from Mars might have thought that beer, whiskey and other alcoholic beverages, were a new discovery, instead of substances which have been an occasion of disorder in every country in the world for centuries. Competition in this highly profitable business has sent zealous missionaries on the road in the form of glib-tongued salesmen, who must sell more and more of their wares, or lose their jobs. There was a time when department stores did not sell whiskey, and women did not frequent corner saloons. Today the stores do, and the women do.

If the distillers and the brewers wish to promote Prohibition, they have only to follow their present courses. There is yet time for them to devote the millions now used for advertising to a better purpose. We repeat the suggestion, made in these pages some years ago, that they establish boards in every State to aid the authorities in enforcing all existing legislation, and in securing legislation calculated to reduce the evils of the trade in alcoholic beverages to a minimum.

WEEDS IN THE WHEAT

WE know that there is much evil in the world today and that, at the moment, this evil appears to be going on its way unchecked. Whether it is more powerful now than at any time in the world's history, is a question that might be debated. But there is not much profit in the debate, because the question cannot be answered in a manner which permits us to rely upon the accuracy of the estimate. All that we know is that since the Fall, men have misused the liberty with which they are endowed by nature, to offend Almighty God and to dishonor themselves.

In the parable which the Church reads tomorrow (Saint Matthew, xiii, 24-30) we see two forces at work in this world, one evil, the other good. Our Lord speaks of "the kingdom of Heaven" to signify the spiritual nature of the Church which He founded on earth to help men to save their souls. In this Kingdom, the good seed is sown, and every Christian soul is like a field to which this good seed, God's grace, is given in appropriate and generous measure.

But into this field, our enemy can come while we are "asleep," to engage upon his wicked work of sowing weeds among the wheat. We sleep, and do not note his activities and, even in moments of wakefulness, our eyes are so drowsy that we do not perceive the evil that has been wrought. The weeds spring up, and soon begin to choke the tender stalk, and still we do not perceive the ruin that is at hand. The servants go to the Master of this heavenly Kingdom, and advise what in truth is a very radical program. They suggest that the weeds be uprooted, even though in this process the wheat, as well, will be destroyed. But this suggestion is rejected by the Master. "Let both grow together until the harvest," he decides, "and at harvest time I will say to the reapers, Gather up first the weeds, and bind them in bundles to burn; but the wheat gather into My barn."

The teaching of this parable illustrates God's ways of dealing with evil in the world. Oftentimes, in their impatience, even good men will ask why Almighty God permits malefactors to oppress the weak, to stir up discord in the world, to attack the very foundations of religion and of morality. If they do not always direct their complaints to God, they will ask why the Church declines to issue excommunications against the more notorious evildoers who bring so much sorrow and suffering into the world. The answer is that God does not act, here and now, because He is eternal and all-powerful, and in the end will do justice to all men. His Will for man must and will prevail. The Church is guided by this same Divine wisdom. To uproot the weeds would be to uproot the wheat along with them.

Keeping company with these complainers is not a healthy companionship. Our task is, rather, to ward off that fatal sleep which allows the enemy to sow weeds among the wheat. That task well accomplished will ensure that we shall not be among the bundles to be burned.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

POWER IN KING LEAR

WILLIAM J. GRACE

OF all the scenes in Shakespeare, the heath scenes of King Lear constitute the most prolonged and complex exhibition of imaginative power sustained at the highest and most unpredictable level. The critics have testified to the greatness of the play. Charles Lamb, setting a division between the poet and the dramatist, considered that the magnitude of passion in *King Lear* exceeded the boundaries of the stage. Hazlitt thought that it was the best of all Shakespeare's plays, "for it is the one in which he was most in earnest."

A. C. Bradley, most robust of the modern critics, says it is the last play that we would part with.

Along with such approvals of the play, popularized in Shakespearean criticism is the notion of "power" as applied to *King Lear* in a sense more specific than to the other plays. "Power" is a rather ambiguous word. At one time it refers to the creative mastery that Shakespeare has exercized; at another to the *effect* that the characterization of Lear has upon the audience; again quite often to the force, internal to the play, expressed in King Lear's personality.

In regard to the last sense, it is interesting to speculate how far this notion is critically exact, and to what extent the *violence* in the play has been mistaken for power, and the true power of the play overlooked. For violence, like tyranny, does not indicate true power, which implies a true adjustment to reality, whereas violence is an attempt, foredoomed to failure, to overcome it.

In spite of the frequent repetition presenting *King Lear* as a play of power, surprisingly the trend of criticism has been to make the protagonist a pathetic figure, owing to a too literal acceptance of Lear's own words, "more sinned against than sinning." Some, mistaking Shakespeare's insight into character and his technique as a dramatist, have even found in *King Lear* a homily on parental obedience.

Yet the fact is that King Lear, of all of Shakespeare's tragic characters, is the least sympathetic to the audience at the beginning of the action. Of all of Shakespeare's tragic figures, the tragic flaw mentioned by Aristotle is the most quickly to be discerned in King Lear. He contributes heavily and directly to his own downfall, actively initiates the series of causes by which it takes place.

Let us look at the record. We see at once the dilemma with which Lear was faced and which he refused to meet. It is a dilemma which touches upon a favorite thesis of Shakespeare's that right order, true authority, must be most carefully maintained and safeguarded by due observance of "degree" and hierarchy in a system of interlocking responsibility. One major deviation from this responsibility works havoc:

> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy; the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
> And make a sop of all this solid globe:
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead:
> Force should be right. . . .

Lear refused either to exercise his rightful authority, a task for which he felt himself too old, or properly and prudentially to delegate it.

He knows that, in the natural course of events, the time has come for him to renounce the active control of the state, yet he refuses to see what that renunciation means. His very act of abandoning his power is, in fact, an unconscious exhibition of paternal tyranny.

Lear could not bear even the hint of opposition to his will. The Duke of Kent, faithful feudal watchdog, believing that the King was on the verge of madness, intervened only to be told that "The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft." This hysterical outburst reveals how in his innermost mind Lear valued his own power and presumed infallibility of judgment.

In fact, Lear is the tragic hero in Shakespeare with the least sense of reality. Excessively impersonal as the child-parent relationships were according to the *mores* of the Elizabethan upper classes, there is an added impersonality about Lear's attitude.

Lear receives at the hands of his two older daughters the same treatment that he has meted out to Cordelia. Any frustration he suffers causes him, at first, to retire into himself and his injured dignity, prelude to inarticulate rage:

> Does any here know me? This is not Lear:
> Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
> Either his motion weakens, his discernings
> Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
> Who is it can tell me who I am?

The fool tells the King truly that he is "Lear's shadow." Relentlessly hammering at the mind of Lear until eventually he sees himself without illusion, the fool only slowly makes way against Lear's love of self-dramatization.

The King gives us a rather awesome revelation of the latent forces in man released from true equilibrium and control. He paints everything in the largest, most violent colors:

> Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
> More hideous when thou shows't thee in a child
> Than the sea-monster!

Lear sees his daughters in the most vicious and

treacherous terms—the serpent's tooth and the wolfish visage.

In conversation with the fool, King Lear has an insight into his own mind well justified by the circumstances. Suddenly he fears insanity:

> *Fool*: Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.
>
> *Lear*: O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad!

Nevertheless, his mood gains accumulated violence. Ever driven to new rages, more unrestrained metaphors:

> You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
> Into her scornful eyes!

His capacity for revenge is inexpressible:

> . . . . No, you unnatural hags,
> I will have such revenges on you both,
> That all the world shall—I will do such things—
> What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth.

But violence is not power. In fact, it is the reverse. Incoherent with rage as he is, Lear is frantic lest his lack of self-control leave him helpless before his daughters:

> . . . . You think I'll weep;
> No, I'll not weep.
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
> Or ere I'll weep.

Now the question arises: granted that in an obstinate, uncharitable, opinionated old man, full of an insane pride, Shakespeare has managed to create a drama of power—not a mere portrayal of neurasthenic rage or senile dementia—wherein lies the secret?

Paradoxically, the drama's power lies in a counter-violence so terrible that the egotistic rage of Lear has to yield to a power greater than itself. Forces external to Lear bring him to a reality and a humility through what in the hands of a dramatist with less understanding of human nature would seem a tortuous and unknown path. Lear is weak and old and hysterical—but his regeneration begins with the reassertion of common humanity, even in terms of the companionship of the bedlam beggar and the fool and the "thought-executing fires, Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts."

What is purely subjective in Lear's point of view is made slowly to yield to the objective world around him. As the fool remarks at the height of the heath scene, "here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools." Yet, for a brief climactic hour the whirling of Lear's mind finds the cracking heavens themselves not terrifying, but relaxing. The tempest in his mind takes all feelings from his senses "save what beats there." Yet in the midst of this mental condition with its by-products of misanthropy and cynicism, Lear is divesting himself of the false values of regal tyranny.

The heath scenes are the greatest *tour de force* in Shakespeare's work. But above everything else, it is the symbolism of the heath scenes that has won the greatest admiration of the critics. It is in this symbolism that the power of the play is concentrated.

In this connection, M. Roy Ridley has observed that

> one notices that as Lear's misery increases he becomes less and less the king and more and more just "man." And as we listen to his outbursts, whether of rage or entreaty, as he draws nearer and nearer to madness, it is not the voice of Lear to which we listen, not even the voice of a man driven to despair by ingratitude; it is the voice of crucified humanity, striving in a horror of spiritual darkness to keep hold on that reason from which by unmerited misery it is being slowly dragged.

There is some truth in that observation, for Lear, unreconciled to reality, is a symbol of man himself without grace in an unregenerate world. His observations at the height of his madness indicate a deepened sense not only of man's potential wickedness, but also a corporate guilt and a corporate responsibility. And though anger and hatred prevail, pride has dreadfully collapsed.

The healing power of love enters slowly and painstakingly into this opaque atmosphere. And it is something that comes from the outside, like a special grace. For Lear himself could never have recovered integrity and some sort of sweetness in spite of his abused and decrepit powers, if it were not for the fact that the universe and the people in it were considerably better than he had painted them. At the end of the road of suffering, he begins to learn what had been unknown in his life—humility. Up to the last he is reluctant and embarrassed to meet Cordelia. His memories sting his mind so venomously "that burning shame detains him from Cordelia." Cordelia is the spirit of pity, of restoration, who woos him from his obduracy to a sense of reality:

> . . . . Pray, do not mock me;
> I am a very foolish, fond old man,
> Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
> And, to deal plainly,
> I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Lear awakens to bless the child who has won him back to life. The clouds lift but briefly at the end of the road. Caught in the web of war and treachery, Cordelia, on whom he depends entirely for the little life that is left in him, dies.

Ironic but touching is the reversal of circumstances. Lear is looking after his child again, pale in death:

> . . . . Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

These are lines that stand in contrast with the expression of the ultimate step of nervous exhaustion, a sort of childlike, inactive self-pity, found earlier in the play:

> The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Shakespeare apparently wanted to leave with the audience the memory of a Lear, in whom resided such volcanic possibilities, converted to a kindly love, one who could love where he found devotion. But the tragedy consists in the painful process of self-knowledge whereby Lear can see values as they truly are. It is not in the violence of Lear's rage that the power of the play lies, but rather in the equilibrium that has been achieved by movement and counter-movement. Lear, it is true, departs from life defeated and frustrated, but a changed man, one who shares the common bond of humanity.

BOOKS

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE. *By Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller*. The Macmillan Co. $3.50

AFTER the progress of the war, the question of the hour is the shape of things to come. Over bridge tables, around cracker barrels, in locker-rooms, men and women are discussing the threat of State Socialism, the possibility of saving free enterprise, the agricultural dilemma, the growing power of union labor. More than a hundred agencies, private and public, are reported engaged in drawing blueprints for the post-war world, and the general public is interested in their work. Economics has left the cloister of the classroom.

In this debate, *The Age of Enterprise*, subtitled "A Social History of Industrial America," makes an opportune appearance. In it the authors have attempted, with some unnecessary repetition, to synthesize a vast amount of recent research in American history, economics and related social topics, not for the benefit of scholars, but for the enlightenment of the average man. If they had decided that much of the contemporary debate on socio-economic questions was compounded of ignorance and emotion, with a heavy dash of self-interest, and that a brief, intelligible review of American history was needed to clarify the issues, they would have written just this kind of book. Perhaps they did so reason.

The joint authors summarize the story of American industry in the phrase "the century-long surrender in America of personal to institutional enterprise." The steps in this surrender they delineate in broad outline—independent masters and journeymen transferred to factories and yoked to machines; independent factory owners transformed into managerial cogs of large corporations; corporations merged, through control of credit, into huge financial empires directed by a handful of men in New York and Chicago.

Way back in 1834, Emerson had seen what was coming. "In a former age," he wrote, "men of might were men of will; now they are men of wealth." The Boston Associates—the Lawrences, Lowells, Cabots, Eliots—first learned the potentialities of corporations and limited liability and the use of other people's money; but their industrial empire, reared in the 1840's, was only a modest suggestion of what was to come when the Morgans, Bakers, Stillmans and Rockefellers ruled a large part of American industry with autocratic power. By the dawn of the twentieth century, rugged individualism had pretty well destroyed free enterprise, and Theodore Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson strove in vain to restore individual initiative and the vanishing world of small business.

Then cracks appeared in the pretentious facade of finance capitalism, and people began to turn against Big Business. But the first World War gave a respite to high finance, and the sensational rise of the consumer-goods industry during the 'twenties prolonged its life another decade. By 1930, however, the old order was dead, even though the shibboleths of laissez-faire continued to linger on and obscure the issue that confronted the nation.

That issue is how best to use for a satisfactory economy the abundant materials which we fortunately possess. The authors seem to adopt the view, expressed by Professor Larson, of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, among others, that the present trend toward the union of government and business will continue into the post-war world, but they hazard no guess as to how far it will go.

That decision rests with the American people. Whether they will let this trend develop into some form of Socialism, or make a last desperate, futile effort to return to the anarchy of laissez-faire, or adopt a middle ground, such as Pius XI outlined in *Quadragesimo Anno*, depends on a number of factors. One of them is the zeal with which Catholics present their very reasonable social program to their fellow Americans.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

FIRST MODERN WAR

STORM OVER THE LAND. *By Carl Sandburg*. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.50

"A PROFILE of the Civil War" is an excellent sub-title for what is easily one of the outstanding of the current flow of books on the dark days of the eighteen-sixties. It is a series of sharp, clear-cut pictures woven together by the flowing, fascinating and at times exasperating style of which Carl Sandburg is such a master. There is no moralizing, no theory to defend; the book is merely a narrative history of the war, yet as thrilling and absorbing as any novel.

From Sumter to Appomattox the story runs in simple chronological order, the scene shifting back and forth from Virginia to the Mississippi, with the grim events of war freely sprinkled with homely and amusing anecdotes and clear photographic character sketches of the principal actors. The opening chapter on the causes and motives of the War shows a deep knowledge of human nature and gives a satisfying answer to a question puzzling so many today.

In such a volume the question of emphasis and space must always be a matter of personal judgment, and most readers will agree that it has been excellently handled here; however, some might ask why more important matters were crowded out to devote so many pages to the pompousness of Fremont and the caution of McClellan. The high-water mark of the story is the chapter on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, where the author in a few paragraphs of beautiful prose sets forth the timelessness of the ideals and principles packed into those few immortal sentences, and which are so pertinent to the present crisis.

Over fifty old wartime photographs and nearly twice as many pen-and-ink drawings add much to the attractiveness and interest of the book. This should be a "must" book for every high-school and college library, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by any reader interested in the story of his country.

F. J. GALLAGHER

HOW AND WHERE TO STRIKE

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE. *The Strategy of Coalition Warfare. By Max Werner*. The Viking Press. $3

THE first real meeting of evenly matched belligerents in the present war, this author informs us, was the German-Soviet conflict, and all preceding campaigns were mere punitive expeditions by the Hitlerite forces. Consequently, two-thirds of the book is devoted to telling what has happened in Russia since June, 1941, and what we are to learn about the new techniques in warfare, as developed there. Mr. Werner's treatment of the Russian campaigns is interesting, displays a very intelligent analysis of the official communiques and other statements issued about the struggle, all sources being documented.

He is a strong admirer of the Red Army, and believes

that the sum total of the fighting proves that the Russian High Command has successfully carried out a preconceived plan against Blitzkrieg; that the transition to defensive warfare before Moscow on December 6, 1941, was a German defeat comparable to the first battle of the Marne in 1914; further, that the ensuing winter campaign showed the magnitude of Russian offensive power. Conceding, as even the Nazis do, that the Reds are stubborn, tenacious and valiant defensive fighters, it is difficult to put much faith in this theory of their offensive ability, when one observes that they have been unable to cut off either the ten-mile German arm which reaches up to Lake Ladoga west of Leningrad and isolates the city, or the equally vulnerable Mozdak salient in the south.

Mr. Werner attributes the Japanese successes in the South Pacific to their ability to synchronize all their forces, land, sea and air, and to use them to hit hard at feeble enemies who thought in terms of old-fashioned sea power. Had the attack at Pearl Harbor been driven off, he says, the Japanese would have gone on to victory anyway because our Navy and the British were prepared only for a modern Battle of Jutland.

The strategy of coalition warfare calls for the United Nations to marshal their strongest weapons, the Anglo-American navies, the Russian armies and the combined air services and—following a concerted plan of attack—to strike the enemy where he does not expect, and can not parry, the blow.

This book, intelligently and objectively written, is probably one of the few of its kind which will not make its author look ridiculous when all the shooting is over.

JOHN F. DRUM

THE DAY MUST DAWN. *By Agnes Sligh Turnbull*. The Macmillan Co. $2.75

AGAINST the conventional American-pioneer background of a small western Pennsylvania settlement during the Revolution, the author has skilfully and sympathetically told the story of Martha Murray, steadfast Scotch-Presbyterian wife and mother.

The characters are fictitious, but the scenes and incidents are historical. They give reality and life to Mrs. Murray, her husband, Sam, who hates all Indians, good or bad, with a deep and abiding hatred, and to her friends and neighbors. The love story of her daughter, Violet, and her foster-son, Hugh, is particularly appealing. We follow with interest her long, courageous struggle through the years of the war that her daughter may know an easier life than her own. Those years were heavy with doubt and discouragement, but enlivened, between campaigns, with simple pleasures, a rare church service, a "kissing party," an exciting hunting expedition.

Through the whole runs the terrible fear of the Indians, for these people lived on the border line between civilization and the wilderness. Their fear is justified again and again, in the massacre of friends, the torture of relatives, and culminates in the final tragedy of the book, the burning of Hannastown.

At this time, when there seems to be a dearth of good novels, Mrs. Turnbull has unquestionably done us a great service in writing this one. It is a delightful piece of creative work, and well worth reading.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

TEXAS: A WORLD IN ITSELF. *By George Sessions Perry*. Whittlesey House. $2.75

A TALL, handsome and soft-voiced man from Milam County ("in Texas we do things by counties") has gone to work on a subject he loves. The result is a refreshing, sometimes personal, rather uneven description of contemporary Texas with a flashback into history here and there to give matters the proper focus.

Mr. Perry is wised up to things and slashes through illusions as if they weren't there. He calls a crook a crook and in Texas that's all right, in a sense, if one is a big crook and not mean and sneaking. He dethrones bigwig politicians and venerated heroes, but by so doing makes them human, and the reader puts them right back on the pedestal.

He admits the State is no paradise, that ranchers have a worried, arduous life, that cotton farmers have no money, nor do turkey people, that enterprising Houston has a poor climate like most of the Gulf cities, that Dallas, city of the opera, theatre and aristocrats, is not Texas. But he says there's great stuff in this land.

A century ago the refuge of sordid bums and criminals, Texas today is the home of a people who are big in heart and spirit, who worship freedom and are full of individual pride. And they are crazy people who elected a "soap salesman" to the United States Senate, who ousted a dishonest Governor, and, because they loved his boldness and grand gestures, immediately put his wife into the vacancy.

The author never borders on the cynical and, when he has his tongue in his cheek, he's laughing with the reader and having as royal a time writing this blustering, fresh-air book as the reader has in reading it.

He gives us a Texas Texans love; and one that thrills non-Texans. It catches the spirit of the land better than anything I have ever seen. JOSEPH HUTTLINGER

CATECHISM COMES TO LIFE. *By Rev. Stephen Aylward.* St. Paul, The Catechetical Guild. $1

THIS is a book, not of Christian Doctrine, but for Christian Doctrine. The author, persuaded by fruitful investigation that today's methods of teaching catechism to the young are not one-tenth as potent in producing lasting results as they should be, has advanced a new method of religious instruction and entitled it the "Emmitsburg Idea."

There is a twofold aim in the author's work: "Our teaching must be (1) animated with the spirit of Christ's holiness; (2) animated by the methods of Christ." Christ never taught except in terms of parables or outward signs. Be it a sheaf of grain, or a coin, or a modern application of the eternal story, His lessons were always imprinted more indelibly on the minds of His readers by examples; and religious teachers should make their instruction more palatable and more pertinent to the modern child's imagination and intellect by practical adaptations of the Divine Word.

Four ways of approach are expounded by Father Aylward: 1) Doing Things (e.g., chemically changing liquids from dark to white to demonstrate Baptism); 2) Showing Things (demonstrating the Holy Trinity by a triangular prism); 3) Drawing Things; and 4) Telling Things (as the Parable of Dives and Lazarus in modern parlance). In these four divisions is the sum and substance of the "Emmitsburg Idea."

There will be, as the author foresees, opposition to the plan on the grounds that it approaches irreverence and disrespect. But no one can gainsay his assertion that its prospects of educating Catholic youngsters are likelier than the system in effect today. It has vigor, imagination and a vitalizing energy; moreover, it should be an incentive not only for teaching, but also for learning.

ROBERT W. HANLON

FACE TO THE SUN. *By Arthur R. McGratty, S.J.* Bruce Publishing Co. $3.50 (A Talbot Club Selection.)

I WOULD like to nominate Father McGratty as the most promising Catholic novelist discovered in 1942. For a novel is a story (not a sociological document), and *Face to the Sun* tells you a story that keeps you cheering and turning pages until the final "I have an idea" of Ramon.

This is an Iliad in minor vein, a story of the wrath of the Spanish people during the years 1936-1939. Carl and Ramon, brothers, are the Achilles and Patroclus of the narrative. Their adventures as young men caught in war, their devotion to each other, are never submerged in the bloody battles that serve as background for the novel. In telling the "inside story" of the Alcazar's siege, the writer is at the top of his powers.

Of course, he has tried a task almost impossible for a beginner. Between covers, he tries, simultaneously, to correct all the misconceptions of Americans about Franco's cause, and to tell an uninterrupted, breathless

story. The pages that correct our headlines of a few years ago are necessarily dull reading. Also, in attempting to reverse the pendulum, he makes all the Loyalists impossibly black, and all the followers of Franco impossibly white. We know now of the splotches of gray in both armies. His title is unfortunate, coming as it does from the song of the fascistic Falangists. But the story is too well told to be damned for these defects, and it asserts itself triumphantly throughout the major part of the novel. While you read the book, you will relive Carl's days of battle with the intensity of an immediate emotional experience. JOSEPH F. CANTILLON

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS. *By Stanley Johnston.* E. P. Dutton and Co. $3

THE only reporter who accompanied the American Fleet in the Pacific fighting at Bougainville, at Lae and Salamaua on New Guinea, at Tulagi in the Solomons, through the epic Coral Sea battle and, finally, who stuck with his ship until it was shattered and sent to the bottom last June by Jap planes, has pieced together his story.

He was on the aircraft carrier Lexington for many months, and the reason for this book is to commemorate the ship and the men who served on it.

Mr. Johnston brings us two new things: colorful quotes from scout- and fighter-pilots on their return from battles, and intimate details of those days at sea that only men who were there could know. Particularly vivid is the chapter on the sinking of the Lexington.

For the rest, it boils down to a rehash of newspaper yarns, condensed, made richer by the perspective of a few months, and made dramatic by the unequivocal statements that only a man who saw it can make.

Cold, objective history you will not find. The book gives no indication of how well we have been doing. Patriotism is the keynote; and American fighter pilots, planes, ships and officers are toasted highly. The author himself says: "If this serves to convey . . . that the boys of today are as good and as valiant as earlier heroes in our national history, the book has served its purpose."

Mr. Johnston knows more than he is allowed to tell. Popular, he had the confidence of men and officers, freedom of the bridge; he lived in the "Admiral's country," messed with top officers, and evidently had access to reconnaisance reports. But this story may come later.

JOSEPH HUTTLINGER

NOT EVEN DEATH. *By Theodore Maynard.* Saint Anthony Guild Press.

MR. MAYNARD'S book is, for the most part, good verse. But with the exception of a few pieces, it is nothing more. In *Reassurance* and *Good Friday* there is a poignancy, a combination of tenderness and simplicity that grips the reader. In *Protest, Peace and Justice,* and *Providence* there is a stirring of consciousness of the depths of life and the strength of Faith. And in *Escape,* Mr. Maynard touches the breathless music of poetry.

But throughout there is a weakness and a lack of freshness of image. *Vindication for Poets* devolves into sheer jingle, and "tall turrets, marble-strong" and "armor . . . kept bright and clean" are image-clichés that went out with the pseudo-romantics.

On the whole, this is a quiet little volume. But the prospective purchaser should be warned that the title poem in no way sets the theme for the book.

ANNA BEATRICE MURPHY

JOSEPH F. CANTILLON, librarian at Regis High School, New York, is actively interested in the Catholic Library Association.

F. J. GALLAGHER, teacher of history at Loyola High School, Baltimore, cultivates American history as his special interest.

JOSEPH HUTTLINGER, a newspaper man, has recently left for El Paso, to take a new position on a paper there. Current history is his field.

THEATRE

BEAT THE BAND. The noisest spot in this country is said to be Randolph Field, an Army aviation camp at Schertz, Texas. On this field twenty-two hundred planes are said to be coming, going and maneuvering twenty hours a day. There is a four-hour interval of comparative quiet between two and six o'clock every morning.

Next to this spot my own selection of America's noisiest point might well be the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, during any performance of George Abbott's new musical comedy, *Beat the Band*. The musicians there beat those bands, all right. They beat them from the beginning to the end of every performance with a vim, a dash and an élan I have never seen equaled. The entire company consists of nineteen principals and apparently (I couldn't count them) of between fifty and a hundred or more dancing girls, singing girls, and dancing boys. Each one is singing and dancing to the top of his or her bent. All are determined to give every audience a thoroughly good time, and all the chances are that every audience that has the strength to stagger out of the theatre after the performance *has* had a good time.

Having said this much, and at the top of my lungs from force of general habit, I must regretfully utter a few criticisms. If Mr. Abbott had added cleanliness to the whirlwind offering, he would now have at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre one of the most high-spirited shows that has yet come down the theatrical pike.

The trouble is that at some stage he either lost faith in his production, which I can hardly believe, or his sleeve was plucked and his mind distracted by that menace to our theatre, The Interested Bystander, offering him the Shovelful of Dirt. In went the dirt, "to pep up the show," of course, and out went Mr. Abbott's chance of the overwhelming success he might have had.

Having said this much, which is my duty because it's the truth, we'll pass on to the nice clean parts of the Abbott offering. There are many of these. Indeed, they are in the majority. But just as those of us who prefer cleanliness to dirt are having a beautiful time, along comes a shovelful of dirt. The great majority of the girls and women who giggle over dirt feel self-conscious and uncomfortable while they're swallowing it. The trouble is that they are afraid they will seem unsophisticated if they don't giggle as they swallow.

Much of the dancing and many of the songs are clean and charming. The music—most of it by Johnny Green—is really excellent throughout. The costumes by Freddy Wittop and the sets by Samuel Leve are always striking and often beautiful. Mr. Abbott's direction, of course, is what gives the whole production its amazing spirit and drive.

Of the featured players, my favorites are Jack Whiting, Susan Miller and Buster Da Costa, because their offerings are not only clever but usually in good taste. I admit that the dancing and acting of Juanita Juarez leave me cold, and that I especially admire Averell Harris because his acting is as clean as his white flannels. Also, I am enthusiastic over Leonard Sues' trumpet playing and the dancing of Eunice Healey and Mark Platt.

With which, and somewhat hurriedly, we will pass on to more about *The Eve of St. Mark*. I liked Maxwell Anderson's play so much, as I said in last week's review, that for once I was too lenient over a scene that should have been omitted—the effort of the young hero to over-persuade Janet, the girl he loved, during his last night at home. This was a false note. Such a boy as he was shown to be would never have made that effort. He would have remembered, among other things, the tragic situation the girl would have been in, in both mind and body, if he had been killed. In that one spot Mr. Anderson was napping in his characterization.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THUNDER BIRD. Though this film never graduates into the really important class, it does achieve its goal as satisfying entertainment. William Wellman's swiftly-paced direction, some visual thrills in technicolor and a story generously seasoned with emotional highlights make it a worthwhile aviation picture. For a change, the usual cinematic procedure is reversed and an English cadet comes to America to train for the R.A.F. Setting him down at Thunder Bird training field in Arizona's colorful desert, the action focuses on his adventures, good and bad, while it affords the audience an opportunity to follow the routine of prospective flyers for the United Nations at this school. John Gunther, in an enlightening foreword and a closing commentary, discusses the importance of these stations for aviation students of our own and our Allies. The story frequently deviates from the expected pattern, while it relates how the Britisher nearly loses his chance because of an uncontrollable fear, only to be rescued from it by an instructor. For a time the romantic angle is complicated when the student and teacher both fall in love with the same girl. The cast is a capable one and a large one. Gene Tierney, Preston Foster and John Sutton have the leading parts. Spectacular shots from the air reveal the breathtaking scenery of our picturesque West, and the technicolor employed adds immeasurable beauty to the whole. All the *family* will want to see this timely feature. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THE HARD WAY. That we reap what we sow cannot help but flash into the thoughts of those who witness this record of a cold-blooded cheat who tramples on everyone who retards her progress up the ladder of worldly success. Ida Lupina gives an unforgettable performance as the calloused schemer who uses her young sister's talents and charms as the means of escape from a sordid existence in a coal-mining town. Relieved only briefly by moments of lightness, the powerful, unhappy drama unfolds the horror of the woman's crimes. Broken lives and broken marriages are ruthlessly left in the wake of her ambition, until at the end, surrounded by the material things she aimed for, the conniving heroine's own world rocks when she loses her sister to the man she loves herself. Without a shred of anything spiritual to hold on to, the hard woman displays weakness and commits suicide. Though the dramatic quality and production phases of the film are of a superior grade, the picture is rated *objectionable* because of suggestive dialog and the employment of suicide. (*Warner*)

THE FOREST RANGERS. Nature steals the show in this not too stalwart glorification of the men who protect our wooded lands. Photographed in technicolor, it treats us to eye-filling scenes of great expanses of the forest on fire. This is exciting once, but the producers saw fit to repeat the conflagration at the finale. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward impersonate the trio around whom the action drama is woven. The outdoor girl, owner of a lumber mill, resents the Ranger's marriage to a pampered city heiress. Her attempts to belittle the wife and the man's efforts to uncover an arsonist form the main threads of the tale. *Adults* will find this a passable piece of entertainment. (*Paramount*)

ROAD TO MOROCCO. The Bob Hope-Bing Crosby combination fans will probably dote on their newest antics. This screwball comedy sets the mad pair in Africa and tells of their struggle to outwit each other for the affections of Dorothy Lamour. Gag after gag is used successfully, and the early part of the film is really side-splitting. There are tuneful songs as well, and the result will amuse *adults*. (*Paramount*) MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

MAGAZINE YARDSTICK

EDITOR: "Yardstick set to Our Magazines," in your last issue, gave me as much satisfaction as anything I have read for a long time. Literature was never one of my strong points, but the smooth sarcasm displayed in the writer's references to our most widely known publications were a pure delight. In particular I enjoyed his references to the *Saturday Evening Post* and Luce, and his opinion of *Punch*.

The text of his article is entirely in sympathy with my own ideas, and it is to be lamented that we Catholics who wish to be informed on current affairs must be on guard against slurs that are cast rather openly against our religion, and our fellow religionists, in this supposedly enlightened day and age. The article on Quebec in *Life's* issue of October 19 was particularly obnoxious. This is in even more bad taste when we remember that we are in the midst of a war that is so dependent on Catholics for the winning. It is my conception of the number of our brothers in the services that we are pulling twice our weight in the Army, and three times our weight in the Navy and Marines.

An article like this brings out the necessity of AMERICA in these times. On all sides Christian moral principles are being attacked. This condition will probably grow steadily worse as the war progresses, and yet, if it is not stopped, we are definitely facing the "decline of the West," whether we win the war or not. From my experience, the average Catholic cannot successfully combat such propaganda, for he is not aware of the full meaning of the Church. The man who made possible the distribution of AMERICA in the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola has made a gift to the members of such magnitude that most people cannot comprehend. My choice of the most important magazine published in the United States today is definitely AMERICA. God will surely bless your work. Let us hope our brethren's appreciation of it will not be "too little and too late." France has learned a lot in the past two years.

Philadelphia, Pa. THOMAS MORTIMER

EDITOR: I enjoyed Charles A. Brady's comments on the secular magazines in your October 24 issue. With a nodding acquaintance with a limited number of the publications he evaluated, I should like to enter a dissenting vote in one case.

He is more kindly disposed toward the *New Yorker* than I would be. The constant blasphemous use of the Sacred Name in the pages of this popular weekly would put it far down on any list of mine. With so many entertaining features, it is a shame the editors dirty up their magazine with such continuous, offensive misuse of the Holy Name. And the attitude of the editors seems to be that the readers accept this practice or take their reading elsewhere. Has this feature escaped Mr. Brady's discerning eye?

However, as a dues-paying member of AMERICA, I could stand many more articles from Mr. Brady's pen.

New York, N. Y. J. P. KELLIHER

EDITOR: I certainly enjoyed Charles A. Brady's "Yard-Stick Set to Our Magazines." He really "put the facts to us." Articles like this make your magazine most enjoyable.

Pertaining to the article, the only fault I have to find is that he did not mention the *Catholic World*. Here is another really good Catholic magazine. With AMERICA, weekly, and the *Catholic World*, monthly, I find I can forgo the other publications mentioned—and yet know enough about national affairs and related topics. And all without the stench of filth found so frequently in the so-called "circulation-busters." Keep it up.

United States Navy EDWARD D. MEYER

ONE-STRING FIDDLE

EDITOR: May I, in the spirit of literary good-fellowship, chide A. M. Sullivan for calling Housman's poetry a "one-string fiddle"? (AMERICA, October 3, 1942.)

I agree that the Shropshire lad contributed his pessimistic share to the "dull poetic void" so constructively criticized by Mr. Sullivan. Nevertheless, Housman's classic ideal of literary craftsmanship, perfection of form and chaste accuracy, was, though he knew it not, an integral part of the Catholic heritage.

As for authority, the words of Chesterton (*Autobiography*, p. 291) carry no little weight. "Housman seems to me one of the one or two great classic poets of our time."

Spokane, Washington FREDERIC J. FOLEY

CHICAGO'S RED MASS

EDITOR: Several weeks ago AMERICA carried Henry Watts' story of the history of the "Red Mass" and of its being celebrated in New York and other places prior to the fall term of court. In Chicago our "Red Mass" was celebrated Sunday, October 18, at Holy Name Cathedral, under the auspices of the Catholic Lawyers Guild and in honor of Saint Thomas More and Saint Ives, patrons of the legal profession.

In this present-day drift toward paganism, it is refreshing to know that there are men in the judicial branch of our government who realize that they are in need of assistance and guidance which even a complete mastery of man-made law cannot give.

The judge, in passing upon disputes between his fellow men, and the lawyer pleading his case in court or giving advice in his office, both need Divine Light to direct their course within, and in conformity with, the only law that means complete justice. It is certainly helpful and salutary to offer up the sacrifice of the Mass in petition to the Holy Spirit that He may come into the heart and illuminate the mind, and that there may come that understanding of a problem and that approach to a difficulty which uses Divine Law as the real guiding measure for its solution. For Divine Law is the greater law, and man-made law, which does not square with it, is wrong. This practice should be extended.

Chicago, Ill. FRANCIS B. ALLEGRETTI
Judge, Superior Court of Cook County

MANUAL OF ARMS

EDITOR: The month of Our Lady's Rosary must not be allowed to end without some statement of the great need for rosary beads that exists among the men of our armed forces. No soldier's kit is complete without the spiritual weapon which has had a military connotation since the Battle of Lepanto, and yet strong beads of the inexpensive variety are very difficult to buy because of the cessation of imports from such European countries as Czecho-Slovakia.

May a Chaplain suggest to your readers the zealous project of collecting and repairing old rosary beads for the men in the services? The USO and other agencies are most generous with missals, prayerbooks, medals and other pious articles, and I have just received a ship-

ment from them of rosaries made in Mexico. But so many troop trains go out that these will not last long. Even the Protestant Chaplains are demanding beads for the Catholic men in their battalions. Chaplain Clarke, a distinguished Protestant Chaplain, proudly displayed to Archbishop Lucey, on the occasion of His Excellency's recent visit to Camp Wallace, a number of rosaries that he had kept in his foot locker since the last war. They are gone now, and he has asked me to replenish his supply.

Even one pair of beads will find its way into the pocket of some departing soldier. With fingers trained to the nimble handling of accoutrement, military men need the reminder of the rosary. A pair of beads, the strong and simple kind, will rate high in priority for Christmas mailing to a camp.

Camp Wallace, Texas. ALFRED J. BARRETT, S.J.

POLISH RUSSIA

EDITOR: In AMERICA of October 17, I noticed the phrase "Polish Russia" in the article of Conrad H. Lanza. I happen to be fairly well informed on Polish affairs, but I don't seem to understand what Polish Russia means.

Reading, Pa. S. M. ADELBERT

EDITOR: The term *Polish Russia* in my article in AMERICA of October 17, applies to that part of Poland which Russia recaptured in 1939, by her collusion then with Germany.

Manchester, N. H. CONRAD H. LANZA

EVE OF ST. MARK

EDITOR: I was disturbed and rather surprised by Elizabeth Jordan's "rave notice" of *The Eve of St. Mark* in AMERICA for October 24. Maxwell Anderson's war play is in great part worthy of the praise accorded it by Miss Jordan and by the secular press, but a Catholic critic advising a Catholic play-going public should at least qualify his or her recommendation with the warning that the play contains several lines, and parts of at least two scenes which are offensive to good taste and are objectionable on the score of morals.

Of course, it must take courage for a reviewer to raise a lone voice of protest amid the loud hurrahs of one's colleagues, but I presume that readiness to dissent when disagreement is necessary pertains to the essence of a dramatic critic's job on AMERICA.

New York, N. Y. P. P. K.

[*In her review, Miss Jordan said she wished a scene had been omitted. This week* AMERICA'S *dramatic critic amplifies her objection.*—Ed.]

MAXENTIUS SAYS . . .

EDITOR: My friend Maxentius has some ideas about Catholic Action.

"The Apostles started from scratch," said he. "They could not point to any college degrees in theology. They just knew God. They loved Him; they served Him. Christ instructed the Apostles to go forth and teach all nations. They obeyed by doing good and by setting a good example. Any 1942 Catholic, whether civilian, service man, WAAC or WAVE, can do likewise."

"Catholic Action," smiled Maxentius, "isn't something we can wish off on Father Gannon, Monsignor Sheen, or Archbishop Spellman. That—'they have the time and the education, we haven't'—is true only to a certain extent. The Catholic in the pulpit has his duty, yes. But the Catholic in the pew and at the altar rail has no less a duty. Didn't Christ go about setting a good example for thirty years? He preached only three."

Maxentius went on to say that he did not mean every man should dash up to his pastor and volunteer to pass the collection basket next Sunday. You might call that a scramble, hardly within the scope of Catholic Action.

Nor did he propose that each man should go around electioneering for the office of President of the parish Holy Name Society.

To be specific, Maxentius suggested the habitual practice of clean speech as one form of true Catholic Action.

As he said, none of us is perfect. Sometimes we, perhaps unconsciously, slip an oath or a blasphemous phrase into an otherwise sensible conversation. A few mistakenly think it smart, sophisticated, or he-manly to pepper their talk with profanity. Others, with a perverted sense of humor, depend upon dirty stories for their witticisms.

We forget that our conversation, like our clothes, makes its best impression when clean.

It would be hard indeed to disagree with Maxentius' viewpoint that, no matter how tiring our daily work or how scanty our formal education may be, each one of us can participate in Catholic Action by at least trying to set and give good example. The practice of clean speech is a basic start in the right direction.

New York, N. Y. JAMES J. FINNERTY

GOVERNMENTS AND WAR

EDITOR: In his article on the Mexican Press (AMERICA, October 24), Father Shiels quotes Archbishop Martinez as saying: "Catholics recognize their duty to collaborate with the Civil Government, because the latter has the right to decide the course that nations should take in international issues, particularly regarding armed conflict." Surely this statement of the Archbishop must be *qualified* in some way, otherwise the Papal peace pleas will be disregarded by Civil Governments as often in the future as they have been in the past. Could it be that the lack of such qualification is the root-cause why so many of our brethren under the Axis are collaborating in the totalitarian war effort?

New York, N. Y. JOSEPH MCNULTY

ICELANDERS—OR NORSEMEN?

EDITOR: I have just been reading Sigrid Undset's letter in your issue of AMERICA for October 17. Madame Undset's letter would seem to refute the evidence presented in Mr. Hjalmar Holand's *Westward from Vinland*. According to Mr. Holand, both Norsemen and Danes, as well as Icelanders, not only set foot on the soil of America, but traversed it as far as Minnesota. And John Buchan refers to the findings of Lake Nipigon as proven fact in his *Lake of Gold*. Perhaps Mr. Holand has confused the Icelanders with the Norsemen, but his book is so well documented that I do not think the point can be dismissed without original documents.

Madame Undset's letter is very interesting and very important. The Minnesota findings are accepted by so many people that I am sure it would be helpful if Madame Undset would expand her letter specifically, taking Mr. Holand's book as a sort of thesis.

New York, N. Y. MARY KIELY

FOR PITTSBURGH SUBSCRIBERS

EDITOR: The shelf of religious magazines in Carnegie Library of Allegheny, North Side, Pittsburgh, contains such papers as the *Rosicrucian Digest*, *Lutheran Ladies Monthly*, and at least four *Watchtower* publications. The only Catholic things were a very old *Social Justice* and an older *Columbia*. Upon inquiry, I learned all things on that shelf are voluntary contributions. Perhaps copies of AMERICA and of the *Catholic Mind* would do great good.

Pittsburgh, Pa. MARY M. FIGURA

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

PARADE

DESCENDANTS of famous personages recently manifested activities of an extremely diverse nature. . . . Entering her third marriage on the anniversary of her divorce from her ex-stepfather was the young great-granddaughter of a former United States Supreme Court Justice. The young heiress eloped with her stepfather three months after he married her mother. The mother has not forgiven the daughter for eloping with the mother's husband. . . . The son of a member of a former President's Cabinet became exceedingly angry. In his wife's palatial New York apartment, he pulled four chandeliers from the ceiling, tore the legs off Chippendales and Louis XIV divans, broke Milanese porcelain, tore to shreds a $1,000 gown. Believing him guilty of disorderly conduct, his wife had him arrested, but withdrew the complaint when he promised the magistrate he would desist in the future from pulling chandeliers out of ceilings and from wreaking havoc among Chippendales, divans, porcelain and gowns made by expensive *couturières*. The man is both the first and fourth husband of the wife. . . . Going through bankruptcy proceedings was James Russell Lowell, great-grandson of the famous poet. He listed among his assets a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and one used automobile tire. The Exchange seat cost him $500,000 but brought only $24,000. The automobile tire may still be available for Lowell's use if he can find three more and a car, the bankruptcy report intimated. Standing up courageously under the blows of market conditions, Lowell now starts out each weekday at 6:30 A.M. for work in a defense plant. . . . On the Feast of the Assumption, Addison Burbank, nephew of the late Luther Burbank, entered the Church.

Burbank's conversion brings to mind the flow into the Church in the last century or so of kin of famous non-Catholics. . . . There is today a Father George Washington. . . . A Father Monroe. . . . There is a religious congregation ceaselessly performing heroic work among incurables. It was founded by Mother Hawthorne. . . . Relatives of Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and many other celebrated personages have their names inscribed on the rolls of Catholic parishes. . . . Of course, big names in themselves are of no great value to the Church. . . . The Catholic Church does not need big names for prestige, as do many purely mundane organizations. . . . Indeed, in the long course of the Church's history it is probable that the big names have done her more harm than good. . . . It is the little names of earth which provide powerful help to the Church. . . .

Relatives of imposing earthly names were not the only individuals manifesting activity. . . . Descendants of so-called little names were also quite active. . . . Ascending the altar every morning these days is a young priest who was ordained in June last. His father is a street cleaner. The young priest's mother died when he was six months old. The father devoted his life to the upbringing of the boy, scraped and sacrificed to put the lad through school and to make the ordination possible. . . . When passersby see the father pushing a broom in the street, they do not regard him as a great man. Indeed, they give him a very low rating. In Heaven, he is considered a very great man. His rating there is amazingly high. . . . In a convent situated in a large American city a young nun sits in a wheel chair. Though paralyzed, she is very active in the things that really count. Her holiness is a byword. Her mother is a little old woman with a very big name in Heaven. . . . The fathers and mothers of priests and nuns. . . . With few, very few, exceptions they are big names on the other side of the Great Divide. . . . Very big names. JOHN A. TOOMEY.